

# The Messenger

Dr A H Strickler  
14 Feb 81

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

VOL. XLIX.—No. 15.

PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1880.

WHOLE No. 2376.

## THE MESSENGER.

ISSUED WEEKLY

BY THE

PUBLICATION BOARD

OF THE

Reformed Church in the United States.

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Editor-in-Chief.

OFFICE, 907 ARCH STREET.

### TERMS.

This paper is published in two issues at the following rates:

Double Sheet, two dollars and twenty cents per year strictly in advance.

Single Sheet, one dollar and ten cents per year strictly in advance.

The date appended to the subscriber's name, on the slip pasted on each paper, indicates the day, month and year to which he has paid. Renewals should be made, if possible, ere this date transpires.

All checks, drafts, or Post money orders must be made payable to the order of the "Reformed Church Publication Board."

Discontinuances at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

Advertisements strictly consistent with the character of a religious newspaper will be inserted at the ordinary rates.

### Poetry.

#### LET US SING THE HYMN OF GLORY.

A hymn of glory let us sing,  
New songs to Christ of triumphing,  
Now by His new and living road,  
Ascending to the throne of God.

On mystic mount of Olives raised,  
The Apostles, as they stood and gazed,  
With Mary, maiden-mother bright,  
Saw Jesus wing His radiant flight.

The glistening Angels ask on High—  
Why stand ye gazing at the sky?  
Lo! here the Saviour hither come  
In high triumphal glory home.

And thus—they sing—shall He return  
As now ye see His footsteps burn,  
To highest Heaven's empyreal height,  
Up-mountained on the clouds of light.

Lord, grant us thither to ascend,  
Our ceaseless yearnings thither bend,  
Where faith to-day discerns Thee gone  
High seated on Thy FATHER'S throne.

Be Thou our gladness here below.  
In Heaven above our Treasure Thou.  
Be all our glory, Lord, in Thee,  
Through all the long eternity.

—Venerable Bede, VIIIth Century.

### Theology and Criticism.

For The Messenger.

#### EASTER SEASON.

Our Lord, crucified under sin and condemnation, may be understood by the light shed on the cross by our Lord risen from the dead. Considered by itself, the crucifixion is a dark enigma. The more we reflect upon it in its relation to the moral law and to the moral government of the world, the darker does the enigma become. Death cannot explain death. But illumined by the resurrection we may see in our Lord dying on the cross, a significance which was hidden alike from the unbelieving Jews and from His own disciples, hidden also from all men now who fail to study His death in its relation to the resurrection life.

The resurrection on the third day and the acts of our Lord during the subsequent forty days preceding the ascension from Mount Olivet must be contemplated in closest connection with His Person. Jesus, the God-man, rose from the dead. This new event in the world's history is the revelation of Himself. The event, abstracted from His Person, is obscure and bewildering. If we study it under the guidance of Old Testament prophecy, or by comparison with pagan ideas of man and the future life, we fare no better. Old Testament prophecies hold an important place in the history of revelation, and they are now properly the subject of Christian study. But they can aid in perfecting our knowledge of the resurrection only in as far as they assist us in getting a clearer and fuller view of Jesus Christ, not in the first instance of what He did but of what He is. Pagan notions of the future life are not to be set aside as utterly worthless. They also are prophecies; and these unconscious prophecies will aid us in gaining an insight into the peculiar nature of Christ's resurrection in distinction from the doctrine of pagan immortality. But the un-

conscious prophecies of paganism will mislead thought instead of guiding it, and will promote error instead of serving the truth, unless the person of Christ be the point of observation. He is related to the pagan world, and to get a better knowledge of this relationship we must study pagan beliefs in their connection with Himself. So far forth the ideas prevalent in world religions hold a legitimate place in the endeavor to perfect our knowledge of the resurrection.

The Easter season sets before our faith and contemplation the risen Christ; not directly the resurrection, ascension and glorification, but Himself victorious over sin and hell, and over all the limitations of the kingdom of darkness. Our Lord under this aspect of His life and redemptive work is in the highest degree precious. No longer the personal sufferer, nor the object of persecution, of ignominy and shame; no longer enduring the curse of sin and the displeasure of God; no longer despised by His enemies and forsaken by His friends, whilst no one, whether friend or foe, acknowledges His true personal dignity; now He has transcended this low estate of humiliation. Victorious over His enemies, they are under His feet. Revealing Himself to His disciples as possessing a death-vanquishing life, He opens the eyes of His desponding disciples to see in Him one who is mightier than hell and Satan. Christ risen is Christ moving onward in the great work of redemption. Now He is not the Jesus of Nazareth persecuted, betrayed, and reviled; but He is the Christ lifted up, transfigured, glorified. As He advances from one stage of revelation to another, from redemption wrought out in humiliation to redemption wrought out in exaltation, it becomes us to follow Him by faith and in our meditations, that we may receive from Him moral and spiritual benefit under all the aspects of His unique history.

We may not profitably compare men with Christ; but we may profitably compare Christ with Himself. We may look now at the babe in the manger and then at the boy sitting among the doctors in the temple at Jerusalem; now at Jesus baptized of John in the Jordan, the Holy Ghost descending upon Him from the open heavens, and then at the Son of man sweating great drops of blood in the agony of the garden. So we may look first at the entire life of Jesus in the flesh from Bethlehem to the sepulchre, and then at this same Son of man living the resurrection life on earth and in heaven. When we thus compare Him with Himself, we may say that Christ risen is better and greater than Christ in the days of His flesh. Though without sin in all His thoughts, words and deeds, yet He is morally and spiritually better when He comes forth victorious over all His foes than when He is in the midst of the battle. When in the flesh, He was learning obedience in every word and act, fulfilling His Father's will; whilst the risen Christ is the One who has endured the test, met every temptation firmly, and has fulfilled the whole counsel of God concerning man's redemption. Then He was in the process of being made perfect, but now the crisis is past and He has actually attained unto perfection. Christ risen and glorified is greater than Jesus in the flesh, inasmuch as He is now not in the personal conflict with moral evil, the ultimate issue being still in the future; but He is the real and living conqueror of all the enemies of God. It became Him for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings. Now the Father has given Him a name that is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow.

It behooves the pulpit to lay great stress on Jesus Christ risen from the dead and glorified at the right hand of God. Essential and precious as are all the facts of His deep humiliation, especially the cardinal mystery of the cross, yet we must pass on from things earthly to things heavenly, from things lower and preliminary to things higher and complementary. The whole redemptive work of the Son of man culminates in His complete victory, in the perfection of His manhood, and in His headship over all things unto the Church. The truth taught as chief by the epistle to the Hebrews is, that we have such an High Priest who is set

on the right hand of the throne of the majesty in the heavens, a minister of the holy place, and of the true tabernacle which the Lord pitched and not man.

### Communications.

For The Messenger.

#### "ABSENT WITHOUT PERMISSION."

In the MESSENGER for March 10th and 21st, articles appeared with this caption; the one signed Alpha and the other, K.

We confess we were somewhat surprised, that so large a space (over two columns) was devoted to this topic. But no doubt this matter seems to some sufficiently important to justify this use of the columns of our Church paper. K., the writer of the second article, in the third paragraph of his communication, seems to think that if any wrong was done to Alpha, the Committee on Leave of Absence did the wrong. The facts in the case will not justify such a supposition.

The facts are these: a) Alpha left the Synod before the appointment of the Committee on Leave of Absence. He left for reasons which seemed to him to be good and sufficient. He left without having obtained a leave of absence from the Synod. We pass, here, no judgment favorable or otherwise on his course. We simply state the fact. Consequently he never appeared, personally, before the Committee to present his case.

b) After his departure, some one or more of the members of the Synod appeared before the Committee and stated his case; he also sent a letter to the chairman of the Committee. The Committee having carefully considered the matter, unanimously agreed that they could take no retrospective action. On this ground, pure and simple, they declined to act in this case.

c) When the case was brought to the Synod, he referred this case to the Synod itself, and read the letter just as publicly and plainly as he read the report of the Committee; and stated to the Synod the reason why no action had been taken, viz., that the Committee believed they could take no retrospective action, and that, therefore, the case was beyond the scope of their powers and duties. The letter went with the report of the Committee into the hands of the officers of Synod. d) The Synod tacitly refused or declined to take any action on this case. And so it stands to-day.

If therefore any wrong has been done by any one, it was not done by the Committee on Leave of Absence. S.

For The Messenger.

#### A TRUE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

Once upon a time a worthy minister of the Reformed Church, then pastor of a charge in Central Ohio, preached a sermon on the subject of Missions. At the close of the services he requested all the members to come forward and place their gifts upon the altar, while he recorded their names in connection with the amount which each one contributed. Those who were not prepared to contribute at once, could state the amount which they intended to give at the next regular service. All came forward, and an unusually large sum was thus raised for the good cause.

Among the number who were not ready at once to hand over their contribution, was a maiden lady of some sixty-five years of age, who was very poor and earned her simple living by the labors of her own hands. With solemn mien she stepped up to the altar and in her humble way, said to the pastor, "Put my name down for one dollar." The pastor knew her circumstances and said, "Miss, is not that too much for you to give? Would not twenty-five cents be enough for you?" To this she firmly replied, "No! that is not enough. Put my name down for one dollar, and by God's help I will pay it to you at our next service."

The pastor did as requested, and in two weeks, when he announced that he was now ready to receive the gifts of those who were not ready at the previous service, this maiden lady was first to respond to the call, and reverently laid the promised dollar on the altar. It now remains to say how this offering was secured. It was in the whortle-

berry season; and she went out into the Hocking hills and gathered berries, and carried them on her arms ten miles to market, sold them and gave the proceeds to the Lord.

How well it would be for us all, for our beloved Church, and for the cause of Christ, if all our ministers, elders, deacons, and people, manifested a spirit of missions as did this worthy follower of the widow, who cast her last mite into the Lord's treasury. O for grace that we may all go and do likewise.

A. B. K.

For the Messenger.

#### OUR DUTY TO THE MISSIONARIES.

Under this caption the following article is translated from the *Kirchenzeitung* for the readers of the MESSENGER, which, as well as our German Church papers, is the fast friend of the missionaries, and strong advocate of the cause of missions in the Reformed Church:

"Our missionaries are doing a great and noble work for Christ and our Reformed Church, according to the word of God. They constitute the advance guard of the salvation army, and occupy the outposts of the battle-field. As such they are exposed to greater dangers than other heroes, because the hostile attacks and the enemies' weapons are first directed against them. In this responsible and dangerous position it is our solemn duty to vigorously sustain them. They have gone forth in the name and by the authority of Jehovah and the commission of the Church to contribute their portion toward filling the earth with the knowledge and glory of the Lord, and that the realms of the earth might become the Lord's and His Christ. In this official honor and blessed work we ought to support them well!

Above all is it our duty to encourage and cheer them in their arduous labors. To find ready, to cheer, to encourage, to sustain, to help, to improve a cause bespeaks the Master. And yet this tendency to fault-finding is the sin which we frequently commit against our missionaries.

True, now and then a missionary may betray the confidence of his Church, but that does certainly not prove, that all do the same. Even the fact that some make mistakes (and who don't make mistakes in life?) and may be charged with imprudent and impractical procedure, is no reason why we should treat them with suspicion and prejudice. The nature of their missionary field is often so complicated, that even the wisest and shrewdest man would be unable to regulate and organize the same satisfactorily. Our ready censure and suspicion toward them only increase their cares, intensify their conflict, discourage them in their labor and embitter their life! But if we meet them with charity, with confidence and respect, and show to them by word and deed that we share their sufferings and their conflicts, and take a lively interest in the prosperity of their gracious work, they will be encouraged and stimulated to more abundant labors.

We owe our missionaries indulgence and patience. The missionary work progresses in the nature of the growth of the mustard seed. Momentary success is not always an evidence of a missionary's efficiency. So too his failures are not always sure evidences of his inefficiency. Many requisite elements enter into a successful mission, besides the ability or fitness of the preacher. We cannot be cautious enough in determining a man's work and his ability. 'Let every one be quick to hear, but slow to speak' (James 1: 19). It is said of Carey and his co-workers, the first English Baptist missionaries, that they labored seven years before they baptized the first convert. Judson labored for years without seeing any fruit of his labors until the few churches which had supported him became discouraged. He wrote home: 'Beseech the Church to have patience. If there were a vessel here ready to take me to any part of the world I would not abandon this field of labor. Tell the brethren: Success is as sure as the promises of a faithful God are capable of making it.' This mission was commenced in the year 1814, and in the year 1870 it numbered one hundred thousand native converts. And in like manner as had missionary Judson his trials and hardships will our missionaries not escape

hardship! The Lord is very gracious toward them. And should not we also be forbearing? The fruits and success will appear in due season, for no one, who has ever gone forth in faith and the name of Jesus and vowed fealty to the banner of the cross, has ever labored in vain (1 Cor. 15: 58).

We owe it to our missionaries to sustain them with our temporal means, so as not to suffer want. And this support should not be given in the spirit in which we give to a tramp, to get rid of him; neither as we give to a beggar alms; for this support is no charity bread, and they receive from the brethren in the faith out of mere compassion!! Theirs is a just demand they make upon us for labor rendered for Christ's sake. They were educated in our schools of learning, by us received, recognized and commissioned. They preach and defend our doctrines, they supply our co-believers with the word and sacraments, they serve with us the same faithful Saviour. Is it then reasonable, is it right to let our missionaries suffer for want of the necessities of life? Is it right? F. F.

For The Messenger.

#### FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The Board of Foreign Missions met in the city of Harrisburg, Pa., April 6, 1880, at 2 P. M. The special business before it was to consider the proposition of our missionary, Rev. Ambrose D. Gring, Yokohama, Japan, to purchase a property in Tokio, desirably located, as a home, in which to commence missionary work. The letter in detail will be spread before the Church in all the papers. After a full and free discussion it was unanimously resolved to purchase the property, and a telegram was sent the same evening, authorizing the missionary to consummate the bargain. All the members present felt that the indications of Providence were too strongly manifest to allow of a dissentient voice, or even of delay in the matter. The cost will be \$4000, for which the Board appeals to the Church at large. It also adopted a suggestion of the missionary to appeal to the children of the Church, hoping in this way to interest them in the subject, and secure their cooperation and contributions. In due season the whole matter will be published in full to the Church. In the meantime the Church will rejoice that we now have a permanent foothold in the capital city of the Japanese empire, and are taking an honorable position among the Churches of the land. We trust that the endorsement of the action of the Board will be not only in word but in deed. Let prayers and alms go together, and our success is assured. T. S. JOHNSTON,  
Secretary.

For The Messenger.

#### THE OFFERING OF THE MINISTRY.

The General Board of Missions has finally made arrangements to have the Church make a special thank offering for the work of the Peace Commission. For this we are heartily glad. Now let the Church be aroused to a sense of the importance of the work to be done, and make this offering as liberal as possible. Twenty cents for every confirmed and baptized member the Board hopes for at least. It ought to be fully that and more too. But what are the ministers going to do? Would it not be well for them to set a good example by making a special offering? Much has been written by them about the necessity of a forward movement in all the activities of the Church, if we do not wish to be swallowed up by stronger denominations, or at least, left far behind in the race of true advancement. That does well enough on paper, and it is true also, but unless we take hold and set the example, the work will remain undone. There are over seven hundred ministers on our rolls. Why can we not average from \$5 to \$10 per minister between this time and June 1st, 1880? It can be done, and let us do it. Some may not be able to give so much, but others can give much more. We suggest then that the ministers send in their names either to the MESSENGER or *World*, specifying the sum they are willing to give. Then let these names be published with the amounts. The money can be paid either to the Classical, Synodical or General Board, wherever they desire the money applied. In this way the people can see that the ministers are in earnest about the matter, and are willing to do as they preach. Individually we pledge ourselves to pay, between this and June 1st, into the treasury of Iowa Classis for missions, the sum of twelve dollars. I have no doubt the Iowa pastors will all do their part. D. S. FOUSE.  
LISBON, Iowa, March 23d, 1880.



## Family Reading.

For The Messenger.

## "MORE LIGHT!"

(Last words of Goethe.)

J. T. BOYLE.

"More light," the dying poet cried;  
And, panting, gasped for breath:  
"More light," then clasped his hands and sighed,  
And all was still in death.

"More light," the Christian pleads. "O Lord!  
Give me to understand  
Th' mysteries of Thy holy word,  
The wonders of Thy hand."

"More light, O Lord!" th' repentant cries;  
"I wander like the blind:  
Remove the darkness from mine eyes,  
Illuminate my mind."

"More light," the godless heathen craves;  
And shall it be denied?  
For them He sought the gloom of graves,  
For them was crucified.

Yes, Lord, "more light!" and let it shine  
O'er every land and sea,  
Until all nations, tribes and tongues  
Are taught and known of Thee.  
Harrisburg, Pa.

## "MIGHTY TO SAVE."

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

How little we realize the great power  
given to little ones who have really entered  
the narrow path which leads to  
life eternal. A street Arab—as wander-  
ing waifs in this city are called—belong-  
ing to the Mission school received one  
day a card, inscribed upon which were  
the words "Mighty to Save."

He put it in the pocket of his ragged  
coat, carried it home, and at night before  
closing his eyes in sleep, he spelled out  
the words slowly and with great effort,  
but he did not understand it. "Who  
was mighty to save?" and "whom would  
He save?" and "what would He save  
them from?" were the queries which  
chased through his weak brain. He re-  
solved to ask the teacher at the very  
next meeting, and he did so. She looked  
at the child sadly and spoke very ten-  
derly, for little Jim was a little deficient  
in mental capacity. "Soft-headed Jim,"  
the rude court-boys called him. And  
yet in spite of that fact, Jim was an  
attractive boy. So the teacher thought  
as she looked at his frank, kindly face  
and tender grey eyes and clustering  
brown hair. She explained to him as  
best she could, the meaning of the won-  
derful words, praying (a silent prayer)  
meanwhile, that God would let the seed  
find entrance into the child-heart. It  
did. As little and lowly as Jim was, he  
planted his small feet firmly upon the  
Rock, Christ Jesus.

If it had not been so beautifully path-  
etic, it would have been ludicrous and  
provocative of laughter, to have seen the  
peculiar way Jim took to bring wander-  
ers within the fold. His father was a  
notorious drinker and his mother was  
nearly as bad. Jim resolved that just  
here in his own home, the work should  
begin. Very formidable work it would  
have looked to men's eyes, and as little Jim  
looked about his garret room he did not  
know where to begin, but he would not  
falter, not he. "The teacher she said,  
Jim, that's mighty to save me ud hold  
me up, giv' a feller strength, love a fel-  
ler, put His great strong arm about a  
little feller like me. Who ud be 'fraid  
with the King's arm roun' him? Not  
Jim Carter."

And so Jim sat a moment thinking  
where to begin. His father was awaken-  
ing from a drunken sleep; his mother  
lay snoring heavily; little Tom, whose  
legs had both been broken by his father  
in one of his terrible sprees, and who  
after weeks of agony was just able to sit  
up, was leaning upon his elbows upon  
his hard bed, trying to count the slits  
and holes in his quilt.

"Poor Tom," Jim said, going over to  
his little pale-faced brother. "I pity  
yer, little Tom," he added laying his  
grimy hand tenderly on Tom's matted  
flaxen hair.

"Do yer? I'm so glad; get me some-  
thin' to eat, Jim, won't yer?"

"I wish I knowed where to git it,  
ef ma'm ud only wake up mebbe she  
could get somethin'," and then as a light  
broke over his mind, he said earnestly,  
"Wait, little Tom, I shouldn't wonder  
ef I just got 'quainted with somebody  
that ud help," and going over to the  
corner he knelt down and prayed, "Oh,  
dear Jesus, mighty to save, will yer tell a  
poor feller where to get a few crusts or  
somethin' for a poor feller's little brother  
who is sick and starvin'." Do, dear Je-  
sus, and do it quick." Then Jim slipped  
out, down the broken stairway and into  
the street. He did not waste any time  
in the court but ran on fast, until in a  
few moments he turned into a neat,  
pleasant street. The snow was ten inches  
deep and was still falling. Jim had an  
indistinct feeling of being cold, but  
Tom had the first place in his brain,  
hungry little Tom. A lady dressed in

deep mourning opened the front door of  
one of the houses. A pretty little girl  
followed. "Oh, mamma," exclaimed the  
child, "look at the beautiful snow, isn't  
it lovely?"

"Lovely indeed, dear," laughed the  
lady, "but my first thought was some-  
thing more matter of fact—who will  
clear off the porch and walks, while Jack  
is sick?"

"Oh, ma'am, can I clear off your  
walk?" It was ragged little Jim ask-  
ing the question.

"You! why you are such a little fel-  
low."

"Yes, 'um, I'm little but I'm strong.  
He that's Mighty to save is goin' to help  
me."

"Why, what does he mean, mamma?"  
whispered the little girl.

"I hardly know myself," she an-  
swered, and then looking at Jim she  
said, "Step in the hall a few moments, it  
is too cold to stand talking here," and  
afterward when the boy stood near the  
hall stove warming, she asked him what  
he meant by his answer to her. Jim  
explained, and the lady was so touched  
by his simplicity and earnestness that  
she could not speak when he finished.  
She went out into the kitchen and re-  
turned with a lunch. "Eat this, dear  
little Jim," she said, "and then you can  
clean the walk."

"I will clean the walk first ef you  
please, ma'am. I'm in a hurry to git  
home to Tom." Jim worked industri-  
ously and soon returned to the door,  
where he received a package which the  
lady told him was pay for his service.  
He forgot that he was a drunkard's child,  
in fact the child of two drunkards. He  
forgot his rags, his cold feet and stinging  
fingers. He thought only of little Tom  
and the breakfast he would have. "Oh  
my, I 'spect it's all inside, that boo-to-ful  
bread and pink meat the lady brought  
in to me in the hall."

"Oh, Jim, hev yer got somethin' for  
me?" little Tom asked eagerly as Jim  
entered the door carrying a bundle.

"Hush!" whispered Jim, pointing to  
his father and mother who still lay  
sleeping to all appearances. Jim opened  
the box and in spite of his resolve not to  
waken his father, he could hardly re-  
frain from shouting his delight. As for  
Tom, tears and smiles chased over his  
white, expectant face; he clasped and  
unclasped his thin hands and then with  
joyful face asked, "Oh, Jim, where did  
you get all these good things?" and then  
his voice grew sad as he added, "Jim,  
yer a good brother lately, an awful good  
brother, an' I love yer, but yer didn't  
steal these, did yer? Yer know the  
Commandments yer learned at the school  
an' learned me."

"No-sir ee, little Tom, I'd starve fore  
I'd steal, an' Tom, much as I love yer,  
I'd rather y'd starve too, cause we'd go  
up there you know," he said, pointing  
upward. "Eat away, Tom, Him that's  
mighty to save give me these."

"Where does He live? Is He an  
angel?" Tom said eagerly, devouring  
like a starved animal one of the delicious  
soft sandwiches which Jim had brought.  
"He's better an' stronger than all the  
angels. He's the King of Heaven." Jim  
spoke reverently.

"Why, Jim, where could you a seen  
Him?" Tom asked wonderingly.

And for answer Jim explained about  
the One mighty to save, how he had gone  
to Him and prayed to be shown how to  
find bread for his starving brother, "an'  
Tom, I'll never be 'fraid of nothin' while  
I live—no nothin'."

"Not of pa knocking ye over the  
head an' throwin' sticks an' the poker  
an' the ugly iron chair. Oh, Jim, ye'll  
be 'fraid of that, won't yer?"

"No; never!" Jim's face was fairly  
beautiful in its expression of faith and  
trust in the "Rock that was higher"  
than he. "Why, Tommy, didn't I tell  
you His arm was roun' me? Didn't I  
tell you I was a fellerin' ef father  
shud kill me," his voice sank lower, "it  
wouldn't be me layin' here with the  
blood spurtin' on the white face an' the  
rags. I'd—I'd be—oh—Tommy, I'd  
be up in His arms. Just think of that;  
ain't it comfortin', awful comfortin',  
to think of Him that's mighty to save."

But the father was not asleep; neither  
was the shiftless mother. They had  
been awake when Jim entered, but  
closed their eyes feigning sleep "to see  
what them young 'uns was up to."

They kept quiet—lying still and lis-  
tening on their miserable cots on opposite  
sides of the room. They had heard all  
and yet made no sign. They opened their  
eyes just long enough to see Jim eating  
a sandwich—how good it looked. They  
felt so "gone" that a bite would have  
been acceptable, and so would a drink,  
but the last cent was squandered.

Tommy lay back on his bed with a  
satisfied look after he had eaten three  
sandwiches, and Jim began to gather up  
the things. He shook the crumbs out  
of the box, and out dropped something  
which made a ringing sound. He  
picked it up. "O Tom, it's a silver  
quarter; but mebbe it's a mistake."

"Here's a paper with writin' on, Jim,"

and Jim spelled out slowly, "Here's a  
bit of money for you, Jim, and when you  
need help come to me. I serve Him,  
too, who is mighty to save."

Jim's father was just intending to call  
out to him to bring that money to him,  
"he'd have some good drinks now,"  
but he heard Jim say, "Let's save these  
two big slices with the nice meat 'tween  
'em for father and mother; shall we,  
Tom?"

"I'm willin', but they'd rather have  
somethin' to drink."

"Poor father, poor mother."

"Does yer pity 'em, Jim?"

"Pity 'em an' love 'em, Tom."

"How can yer when they're so cruel  
to us—beatin' an' jawin' an' poundin'  
everythin' aroun'?"

"I do, 'cause I do," Jim answered  
simply, knowing no other reason for his  
tenderness to those degraded beings,  
"an', Tom, mebbe Him that's mighty  
to save will do somethin' for them. I'm  
prayin' for them."

"He wouldn't for them, Jim, they're  
too bad."

"Teacher said He ud save to the  
uttermost. I can't remember all she  
said, but I think they's the uttermost,  
an' ef Him that's mighty to save ud put  
His arm about 'em, He'd lift 'em up.  
I'm goin' out now, Tom, to git some-  
thin' for father and mother."

Jim noticed that his father and mother  
had turned their faces, but he did not  
know that they were weeping bitterly.  
While the boy went out and bought coal  
and coffee, and even a little milk and  
sugar with his silver quarter, they lay  
thinking in agony. "Mighty to save!  
Mighty to save! Oh, I learned that years  
and years ago, but I forgot it; forgot it,  
and what a life I have lived, and I  
pulled her down, too," the wretched  
father thought; while she, the mother,  
was trembling with remorse as she  
thought, "Oh, why did I follow him  
down hill? Why didn't I look up to  
Him who is mighty to save?"

The coffee was boiling hot. Its aroma  
filled the little room with fragrance.  
Tom had drank a cup of it, and so had  
Jim, and they were waiting for the  
father and mother to wake up.

"I wish they'd wake up, Tom."

"Mebbe they'll pound yer when they  
do."

"I aint 'fraid with Him, yer know."

"Jim, little Jim;" it was the father  
calling, and Jim hastened to him, think-  
ing something strange had occurred, for  
his father had never spoken so gently.  
"Jim, God bless you, Jim, Him that's  
mighty to save is near me, boy. I'm  
going to follow Him."

"Oh, father, I'm so glad, so glad,"  
the boy said in rapture.

"Jim, my poor Jim," it was the  
mother speaking, and the child crossed  
the room, "your ugly mother is going to  
follow, too. I followed him—your father  
—down hill; I'll follow him up hill.  
We'll lean on Him who is mighty to  
save."

They drank their coffee and ate their  
bread, and arose strengthened to begin a  
different life. They both kissed Jim and  
Tom and each other, and they were no  
maudlin kisses, but those of awakened  
love, the love that had lain dormant so  
long that no one but the Father knew  
that it was still alive.

Six months have rolled away. We  
do not find the reunited family in their  
old quarters. They have not been able  
to move out of Baxter Street yet, but we  
find them in a roomy, pleasant corner  
room, on the first floor. Step in—and  
look for yourself. That is Tom sitting  
in that softly cushioned chair by the  
clean, bright window, through which  
the sun beams in so warmly. You do not  
recognize him, and it is not strange. He  
can walk about the rooms again, and his  
limbs are growing stronger every day,  
but he is resting now. His cheeks are  
full now, and his eyes are bright, and  
there is no happier child in all the great  
city than Tom—unless it is Jim.  
And where is Jim? Ah! he is working,  
earnestly working. Actually he has  
risen to be a faithful little clerk to a  
market-woman, who with her rheumatic  
feet wrapped about with an old shawl,  
watches him with eyes of love. "Her  
blessed young feet," she calls him. The  
father, day after day, works steadily at  
his trade. He is a mason, and finds  
plenty to do with his strong arms. And  
the mother, we must point to her and  
then stop. Look through the open door  
of the room where dear little Tom sits,  
into the small one in the rear. Basily  
engaged in polishing fine linen shirts,  
for which she receives good pay, she  
stops one moment to glance into the  
room where her boy sits. She sees him  
in the sunshine. She smells the fra-  
grance of the lemon geranium in the  
window. She sees the prettily-covered  
table with the Bible and the papers on  
top. She sees the rugs and the comfort-  
able chairs and the cheerful clock upon  
the shelf, and her heart breaks forth  
from her lips in glad song. You may  
not call her voice sweet, or her singing  
cultured, but Tom, listening with wrapt  
attention, thinks he never heard any-

thing so sweet as his good mother's  
song, as these words float in to him:

"Tenderly the Shepherd,  
O'er the mountains cold,  
Goes to bring His lost one  
Back to the fold."

"Lovingly the Father  
Sends the news around,  
'He once dead now liveth—  
Once lost is found.'"

"Seeking to save,  
Seeking to save,  
Lost one, 'tis Jesus,  
Seeking to save."

—Christian Intelligencer.

## THE CUP OF SORROW.

On classic cups and vases we have  
sometimes seen devices carved by the  
cunning hand of the sculptor. So  
around the cup of trial, which God com-  
mends to the lips of suffering Christians,  
are wreathed many comforting assur-  
ances. Here is one of them: "All  
things work together for good to them  
which love God." Here is another like  
it: "As thy day is so shall thy strength  
be." Afflicted friend, turn thy cup of  
sorrow around, and you will see engraved  
on it these precious words: "As one  
whom his mother comforteth so will I  
comfort you." Turn it again and read:  
"My grace is sufficient for thee." The  
whole cup is encircled with the words of  
love. But it requires faith to read them.  
They are invisible to selfishness and  
blind unbelief. And God sometimes  
washes the eyes of His children with  
tears, in order that they read aright His  
providence and His commandment.—  
Rev. T. L. Cuyler.

## NOT MINE.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

It is not mine to run

With eager feet,  
Along life's crowded ways,  
My Lord to meet.

It is not mine to pour

The oil and wine,  
Or bring the purple robe  
And linen fine.

It is not mine to break

At His dear feet  
The alabaster-box  
Of ointment sweet.

It is not mine to bear

His heavy cross,  
Or suffer, for His sake,  
All pain and loss.

It is not mine to walk

Through valleys dim,  
Or climb far mountain heights  
Alone with Him!

He hath no need of me

In grand affairs,  
Where fields are lost, or crowns  
Won unawares.

Yet, Master, if I may

Make one pale flower  
Bloom bright, for Thy sake  
Through one short hour;

If I, in harvest-fields

Where strong ones reap,  
May bind one golden sheaf  
For Love to keep;

May speak one quiet word

When all is still,  
Helping some fainting heart  
To bear Thy will;

Or sing one high, clear song,

On which may soar  
Some glad soul heavenward,  
I ask no more!

## HOUSE-CLEANING.

It is rather early yet for the full ce-  
remonies of house-cleaning, but the bright  
April weather makes old housekeepers  
as restless as all out-of-door things are at  
this time. The serpent taught Eve one  
lesson that remains to this day—the ne-  
cessity of shedding and renewing the  
outer skins of everything a woman has  
to do with at this time of the year. The  
carpets look bright and the rooms neat,  
but she knows that one is full of the  
winter's dust, and that even the walls  
have got their winter's coat of smoke  
from the fires and from the lamps, even  
the gas, and from the accumulated  
breathing and living of so many human  
beings. The people who live in white-  
washed rooms may be easy for a little  
while longer. They know they are go-  
ing to have a fresh "coat" before long,  
which will sweeten all their rooms.  
Whitewashed walls are a great deal of  
trouble to be sure, and when coat is laid  
on over coat, the fresh lime will crack  
and sometimes come off in patches, and  
occasionally a section of the ceiling  
comes tumbling down when softened by  
too much steam from cook stove or range.  
It is best on every account, for old walls,  
to scrape off the thick layers of lime be-  
fore the new is put on. This seems a  
great deal of trouble or expense, and we  
have no workmen, like the Chinese, who  
will scrape the old walls of whitewash,  
plaster, or old wall paper, for the mate-  
rials alone, that they carry away and  
sell as fertilizers to farmers. Remem-

bering this, it is best to let the fertilizers  
go out of the house. Painted walls, of  
course, are best for wear, as these absorb  
nothing of dust or impurities. The ob-  
jection to them is that they cost consid-  
erable at first and that they fade or  
change color; that they show dents and  
damage by furniture moving, and, in the  
case of stairways, with the bumping of  
trunks on the expressman's shoulders.  
Once dented, it is impossible to renew  
the plaster and paint the wall over to  
match the rest. When a papered wall  
gets a knock it is easier to repair of  
course. Paper gets soiled and smoked  
and needs to be renewed more often than  
people think, for still another reason,  
particularly in sleeping rooms, or wher-  
ever there has been sickness; it absorbs  
so much of effluvia, and the least of its  
impurities are the finger marks that any-  
body can see. Fortunately, papering is  
very cheap, and it is easy to have walls  
renewed with fresh, pretty patterns for  
quite a trifling cost. But the old wall  
paper should always be removed, or  
there is no reason, except appearances,  
for putting the fresh one over it, as  
whatever was in it there is there still.  
There are some housekeepers who can  
paint or paper their own walls and who  
do their own whitewashing. These may  
be interested in a receipt for calcimining  
walls.

Have ready a quarter of a pound of  
white glue, previously laid in cold water  
over night, so that it is easy to dissolve  
by gradually heating in the morning.  
Mix eight pounds of whiting with hot  
water, add the dissolved glue and stir  
together, adding warm water until it is  
about as thick as cream; apply with a  
calcimine brush. Copperas put in o  
whitewash, used for cellar walls, is good  
to keep vermin away. Clean paint with  
soda water—not soap—and use a bit of  
old flannel or of new cotton flannel for  
the paint cloth. Try soda water to  
clean smoky ceilings; whiting and am-  
monia for very dirty finger marks on  
painted wood work. Wash stained  
wood with cold tea.

It is far better for many reasons to  
clean one room or one floor at a time.  
There is no need to tear up all the car-  
pets from the floors at once and live in  
an atmosphere of steaming buckets and  
chilly entries. If the carpets go to the  
factories to be shaken these can take one  
or more as suits. There are people who  
have their whole houses cleaned from  
garret to cellar and "not a creature  
knew it" for any discomfort there was  
about it. Especially should this be re-  
membered by the early beginners, as  
open doors and windows and damp floors  
at this season will be apt to give some-  
body cold in the household, and, per-  
haps, add nursing to other cares. Of  
course the furniture in all rooms needs  
cleaning as much as the walls or floors.  
Large furniture dealers keep women con-  
stantly employed going over the finest  
furniture with cold water and a chamois  
cloth to take the dust out of carvings  
that no brush could reach. Old hous-  
keepers used to freshen up the substan-  
tial furniture by rubbing it well down  
with turpentine and then rubbing up  
again with linseed oil. Bedsteads must  
be taken to pieces, washed down with  
brine or alum water; but this is a pre-  
caution not needed in those households  
where all bedsteads are examined once a  
month, well dusted, and the slate and  
inner woodwork carefully washed with  
soap and water. It is best, indeed, to  
attend to one bedstead at a time, on regu-  
lar sweeping days, and this makes the  
chamberwork light, and all are under  
supervision at least once a month, leav-  
ing such work at house-cleaning time one  
for satisfaction only.

## Useful Hints and Recipes.

TO CLEAN DECANTERS.—When  
making cake or omelette, take your  
discarded egg-shells, crush them into  
small bits, put them into your decanters  
three parts filled with cold water, and  
thoroughly shake them. The glass will  
look like new, and all kinds of glass  
washed in the same water will look  
equally well.

A TOMATO sauce for fish may be made  
of canned tomatoes, with pepper, salt, a  
bit of onion, a bit of parsley and a clove  
or two, stewed and pressed through a  
sieve, and poured into a saucepan in  
which some butter has previously been  
simmered with a very little flour. Canned  
tomatoes may be very nicely scrambled  
with eggs and some lard or butter.

INK STAINS.—Ink stains can be re-  
moved from a carpet by freely pouring  
milk on the place, and leaving it to soak  
in for a time, then rub it so as to remove  
all ink, and scoop up remaining milk with  
a spoon; repeat the process with more  
milk, if necessary; then wash it off com-  
pletely with clean cold water, and wipe  
it dry with cloths. If this is done when  
the ink is wet, the milk takes all stain  
out of woolen materials instantly; but  
when it has dried, a little time is  
required.



## Miscellaneous.

## THE BELLS OF LYNN.

When the eve is growing gray, and the tide is rolling in,  
I sit and look across the bay to the bonny town of Lynn;  
And the fisherfolks are near,  
But I wish they never hear

The songs the far bells make for me, the bonny bells of Lynn.

The folks are chatting gay, and I hear their merry din,  
But I look and look across the bay to the bonny town of Lynn:

He told me to wait here  
Upon the old brown pier,  
To wait and watch him coming when the tide was rolling in.

Oh, I see him pulling strong, pulling o'er the bay to me,  
And I hear his jovial song and his merry face I see;

And now! he's at the pier,  
My bonny love and dear!  
And he's coming up the sea-washed steps with hands outstretched to me.

O my love, your cheek is cold and your hands are stark and thin!

O hear you not the bells of old, the bonny bells of Lynn?

O have you nought to say  
Upon our wedding day?  
Love, hear you not the wedding bells across the Bay of Lynn?

O my lover, speak to me! and hold me fast, mine own!  
For I fear this rising sea, and these winds and waves that moan!

But never a word he said!  
He is dead, my love is dead!  
Ah me! ah me! I did but dream; and I am all alone,

Alone, and old, and gray; and the tide is rolling in:

But my heart's away, away, away, in the old graveyard at Lynn!

—Temple Bar.

## ITALIAN LONDON.

To the west and south of the Italian Church of St. Peter lies that Italian colony which a strange crime has invested with sudden interest. Within the courts and alleys abutting on Saffron-hill, Eyre-street hill, Mount Pleasant, and other nooks and corners of the Leather-lane district, are closely packed about 3,000 Italians, all more or less industriously occupied, but gaining very various rates of remuneration. There is the little shopkeeper, for instance, who appears to be doing a fair business without overmuch display, as is the manner with the unpretending foreigner. The name of the proprietor is painted over his store in those attenuated and broken-backed capitals which the eye of the Latin race prefers to the plump, robust announcement of English Boniface; but, if the character of the superscription be lean, the sounds which it indicates are sonorous enough to please the ear attuned to melody. Raffaele Amato, for instance, looks as well over a chandler's shop as on a page of romance, and Pantaleone Manzi has a southern and yet holiday ring by no means displeasing to the every-day Briton. Perhaps it is hardly right to speak of the stores of Raffaele and Pantaleone by the homely old English term of chandler's shop; for, minute as they are, they resemble in the universality of their contents those corner groceries of the United States in which may be bought every imaginable thing from split peas to a revolver and from prime Bourbon and seductive Monongahela to pea-nuts and pop-corn. Pantaleone has very appetizing sausages hanging in his low-browed shop; and the variety of macaroni, vermicelli, "spaghetto," and "lasagne" spread in his little window exercises a powerful attraction over the small boys with big black eyes who abound in Italian London. From the opposite side of Eyre-street-hill Raffaele smiles good-humored defiance at his rival with a plump array of "mortadelle" and other Bolognese delicacies, backed by a huge pile of Parmesan cheese—not of the choice variety grown in New Jersey, U. S., but the veritable Italian article itself. It is rumored on Saffron-hill and whispered on Leather-lane that Raffaele has a brother dwelling in the sometime Duchy of Parma, and owning many sheep and goats—whence a particularly odoriferous brand of cheese, specially imported and vended by him to his compatriots. Scores of other luxuries are distributed in his shop, which appears to exist for the purpose of proving that cleanliness may exist on Eyre-street-hill—a truth needing no less triumphant vindication. Dried mushrooms are stowed in glass jars, like the sugar plums at the shop over the way; a legion of bottles of tomato sauce gives color to the general stock of bacon, macaroni, and sausages without end. Raffaele and Pantaleone are interesting figures in their way, for they depend absolutely upon their own countrymen for custom, and sell very few things that

the untrained British palate would relish. The very tomato sauce is of foreign manufacture, every odd corner is stuffed full of garlic, and the bacon appears to consist entirely of fat and rind. There must be money sometimes in Italian London, or these foreign viands could not be paid for down on the nail, and it is said that credit is not extended very far by the thrifty Neapolitans, Parmans, and Sicilians, who dispense macaroni to their countryfolk.

It must be admitted that the ice-cream purveyors are not nice as to their choice of quarters. They sleep so little, they say, that it does not matter very much where the short night is passed. A greasy room, black with accumulated filth of years, is occupied by two or three equal beds, each of which holds a couple of sleepers. Overhead the spider weaves his web on a ceiling which has remained unwhitewashed and unswept from a period to which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. It is no matter to the bird of passage who merely roosts during his season of toil in this foul nest, and then is away again to his native hills, his wife, with features of antique grandeur under her brown skin, and his ragged, happy, and healthy children. The ice-cream seller is the aristocrat, after Raffaele and Pantaleone, of Italian London. He undoubtedly makes money, and as certainly keeps it, save a slight percentage invested in the Saffron-hill, equivalent for Montepulciano. He is far happier than the organ-grinder. The earnings of the latter are small, and, unless he is exceptionally fortunate and clever, is long in the business before he can rise to the dignity of "padrone." When he does achieve promotion he is little better off than before in personal comfort and general appearance. He is clad like his underlings, fed in the same way, and is quite as dirty as they are. But he makes money and clings to it tightly. So long as his men are nearly honest he must continue to make money. He divides their earnings with them, taking half for his share to cover the wear and tear of the organ and pay interest on his investment therein. Then he charges each man for his lodging about a half-crown per week, and five-pence per day for board, consisting of dinner or supper and breakfast. It must be admitted that he is not stingy in the matter of bulk, for he gives his men as much macaroni as they can eat twice a day, and he gives it when cooked as they like it, with the addition of shredded cabbages stewed with a little bacon. There is not much bacon in the matter, but it is carefully cooked, and the aroma thereof is sufficient to make pleasant a vast quantity of macaroni, home-made in the larger establishments. Cooked after the manner of the "padrone," the home-made macaroni is palatable enough to his lodgers, if not quite a dish to set before a professed gourmand, and, made in bulk, is by no means costly. Many of the organ-men are married to London born Irish girls, who prove very efficient helpmates in the conduct of their business. When the husband has saved enough money to buy or hire a piano forte organ on wheels, the wife is instantly put in charge of it. It is said, indeed, and on the best authority, that the organ-women, like the fishermen of certain French ports, are very tenacious of their rights, and refuse, except in cases of illness, to allow their husbands to go out with the organ. Hence, Italian London is sparsely tenanted by women during the day-time, and tall, muscular men may be seen huddled over the fire nursing their babies. This state of things may appear unnatural to the English mind, but it is explained firstly by the superior earnings or collections made by the women, and secondly by the natural desire of the female to superintend the finances of the family. When there is no piano-organ, however, the man has to do his work, such as it is, with frequent holidays spent round a large fire, and in revelling in macaroni and filth. Some of the interiors are astounding, with the indurated grime of years. To describe the walls, the floor, the benches, and the passage as black with foul incrustations is to convey a feeble idea of the actual appearance of those objects. They have not only absorbed as much filth as their texture will admit of, but are endowed with a loose surface—a floating capital of unctuous, slimy, glistening grime. As many as two dozen, or sometimes thirty persons of both sexes will inhabit one rickety tenement just large enough for one decent artisan and his family. Round an enormous fire built in a broken and shattered grate, but burning brightly enough to illumine the dirt-distilling walls, sits a group picturesque enough for the etching needle of Rembrandt. It would be uncandid to call these poor Italian folk ill-favored. The forehead may be a shade too low, but there is nothing in their aspect breathing of the hulks. They are civil, too, and chatty to their visitor, expressing a hope that better houses will be given them before long.

How far this wish is sincere is a matter for speculation. Better lodgings would make short work of the lodging-house keepers' business, for no proprietor of proper dwellings would permit the manner of life going on in and near Saffron-hill. Common decency cannot possibly exist among people who herd together like cattle in a pen, and therefore any inquiry as to the morality of this lowest class of the Italian population may be dismissed as irrelevant. With ice-cream sellers and with organ-men and women there is, then, indecency and consequent immorality, the greed of gain, and apparently a love of filth for its own sake; but with all this kind of dirty plenty, and slippish contentment. The ice-cream people have been shown to be able to pay for better accommodation if they cared for it, but they do not care. The organ folk also undoubtedly collect or beg a great deal of money, far more than enough to enable them to live otherwise than as beasts of the field. But they are clad warmly, have plenty to eat, and, if lucky for a few days, can give themselves a holiday. Their dirty skins are not shrunken and dry with hunger and fever, but well filled and oleaginous; if their wild elf locks are unkempt, their boots are thick and solid; if their grimy paws are held out for alms, their stomachs are not pinched for want of a meal. They are, in fact, sturdy beggars, and, like their race, forevermore feed fatly and live swinishly in their squalid dens.—*London Daily News.*

## LOST COUNTRIES FOUND BY COINS.

In citing the historical information derivable from coins, the geographical facts we acquire from them are of equal importance. A case was stated some time ago, how an island of the Aegean, which had been lost, was discovered by means of a coin (the piece not bigger than a half-dime), and how recent soundings proved the existence of this isle. There was a lost city which owes its place to a coin. For over a thousand years, no one knew where Pandosia was. History told us that at Pandosia, King Pyrrhus collected those forces with which he overran Italy, and that he established a mint there; but no one could put their finger on Pandosia. Eight years ago, a coin came under the sharp eyes of a numismatist. There were the letters, Pandosia, inscribed on it, but what was better, there was an emblem, indicative of a well-known river, the Crathis. Then everything was clear. The piece of money had been an atlas, and Pandosia, the mythical city, was at once given its proper position in Butilium. Now, a coin may be valuable for artistic merit, but when it elucidates a doubtful point in history or geography, its worth is very much enhanced. This silver coin, which did not weigh more than a quarter of a dollar, because it cleared up the mystery of Pandosia, was worth to the British museum \$1,000, the price they paid for it.

## THE GREAT GLACIERS OF ALASKA.

The Stickine is perhaps better known than any other river in Alaska, because of its being the way back to the Casiar gold mines. It is about 350 or 400 miles long, and navigable for small steamers to Glenora, 150 miles; flowing first in a general westerly direction through grassy, undulating plains, darkened here and there with patches of evergreens, then curving southward, and receiving numerous tributaries from the north, it enters the Coast Range and sweeps across it to the sea through a Yosemite Valley more than a hundred miles long, and one to three miles wide at the bottom, and from 5,000 to 8,000 feet deep, marvellously beautiful and inspiring from end to end. To the appreciative tourist sailing up the river through the midst of it all, the cañon for a distance of about 110 miles is a gallery of sublime pictures, an unbroken series of majestic mountains, glaciers, falls, cascades, forests, groves, flowery garden spots, grassy meadows in endless variety of form and composition—furniture enough for a dozen Yosemite—while back of the walls, and thousands of feet above them, innumerable peaks and spires and domes of ice and snow tower grandly into the sky. About fifteen miles above the mouth of the river you come to the first of the great glaciers, pouring down through the forest in a shattered ice-cascade nearly to the level of the river. Here the cañon is about two miles wide, planted with cottonwoods along the banks of the river, and spruce and fir and patches of wild rose and raspberry extend back to the grand Yosemite walls. Twelve miles above this point a noble view is opened along the Skoot River cañon, a group of glacier-laden Alps from 10,000 to 12,000 feet high, the source of the largest tributary of the Stickine. Thirty-five miles above the mouth of the river, the most striking object of all comes in sight. This is the lower expanded portion of the great glacier, measuring about six

miles around the snout, pushed boldly forward into the middle of the valley among the trees, while its sources are mostly hidden. It takes its rise in the heart of the range, some thirty or forty miles away. Compared with this, the Swiss *mer de glace* is a small thing. It is called the "Ice mountain," and seems to have been regarded as a motionless mass, created on the spot, like the rocks and trees about, without venturing a guess as to how or when. The form of the snout is about 300 feet high, but rises rapidly back for a few miles to the height of about 1,000 feet. Seen through gaps in the trees growing on one of its terminal moraines, as one sails slowly along against the current, the marvellous beauty of the chasms and clustered pinnacles shows to fine advantage in the sunshine; but tame indeed must be the observer who is satisfied with so cheap a view.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

## Selections.

The truest end of a life is to know the life that never ends.

All who know their own minds know not their own hearts.—*Rochefoucauld.*

Death is as the foreshadowing of life. We die that we may die no more.—*Hooker.*

The highest perfection of human reason is to know that there is an infinity of truth beyond its reach.—*Pascal.*

"Poverty is the load of some," said Augustine, "and wealth is the load of others, perhaps the greater load of the two. It may weigh them to perdition. Bear the load of thy neighbor's poverty and let him bear with thee the load of thy wealth. Thou lightenest thy load by lightening his."

Prayer is the life of the Church. There may be learning, wealth, energy, all unparingly used in Christian effort, but if there is no prayer, the result will be failure. It is the service of the heart God regards and accepts, of which there will be none if there is no bowing before Him at the mercy seat.

This "first day of the week" in the New Testament is called the Lord's day. It is the Lord's by example: it is the day on which He rested from His amazing work of redemption, just as God rested from the work of creation on the seventh day. So the Lord Jesus rested from all His agony and pain and humiliation on this day; there remaineth, therefore, the keeping of a Sabbath to the people of God.—*M. Cheyne.*

An easy observation of the most common, sometimes of the meanest things in nature will give the truest lights, where the greatest sagacity and industry that slights such observation must leave us in the dark, or what is worse, amuse and mislead us by false lights. In an inquiry, it is almost everything to be once in a right road.—*Burke.*

Harder as every fresh parting must be,  
Love that surpasses the love of a brother  
Tenderly watcheth between me and thee.

Slumbering not, sleeping not, through the long hours,  
Israel's Watchman looks down from above;  
Heareth this low-murmured "Mizpah" of ours,  
Smiles on our trusting and blesteth our love.

Absent or present, in joy or in weeping,  
This thought be ours to soothe our distress;  
One Eye—the same Eye—on both watch is keeping,  
One Hand—the same Hand—is stretched out to bless.

## Science and Art.

The lighter which has been constructed to convey Cleopatra's needle to New York has been successfully launched, and towed into Alexandria.

THE WEATHER IN MARCH.—The usual meteorological summary furnished by the sergeant of the United States Signal Service Corps, shows that the month just closed contained ten days on which snow or rain fell, and sixteen on which frosts occurred; twelve days were fair and six clear. The highest temperature was on the 5th of the month, 75 deg., and the lowest was 20 deg., on the 25th. The average temperature of the month was 39.6, about one degree below the average for the month during the past five years.

DELICACY OF MINT SCALES.—The advance toward mechanical perfect on is indicated by the following statement of the delicacy of the mint scales in use at New Orleans:

The fine gold-weighting scales made in Philadelphia for the New Orleans Mint, and placed in position recently, are marvels of mechanical invention and accurate workmanship. The larger of the two has the capacity of ten thousand ounces troy, or about six hundred and eight y-pounds avoirdupois, and when loaded to its full weight will indicate a variation of one-thousandth part of an ounce, or the millionth part of its weighing capacity.

Another pair of scales is the one intended for weighing gold only. It has bearings composed of the finest agates, which have been ground with wonderful precision. So delicate is this machine that it will give the precise weight of a single human hair, and is susceptible to the slightest atmospheric changes. Millions of dollars' worth of precious metals will be weighed annually upon these scales.—*New Orleans Times.*

TEMPERATURE AND VEGETATION.—At the last meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences Mr. Thomas Meehan stated that a correspondent had recently called his attention to the fact that, although the past winter had been very mild, yet vegetation was not any further advanced than usual. In explanation, he stated that the temperature of the earth seemed to have little influence upon the advancement of vegetation, which probably depended to a much greater extent upon the influence of atmospheric warmth upon the growing buds. The average temperature of the past winter would, he believed, be found to be as low, if not lower than usual, although the absence of severe storms had given it the

mild character noted. It was well known that grape-vines planted outside of hothouses are forced in their growth by allowing the branches to be subjected to the heat of the interior. Such branches will leaf and flower much earlier than those allowed to remain entirely in a lower atmospheric temperature, although the heat of the soil be the same in each case. It had been asserted that the trees in fields planted with grass were not so forward in their growth as those in adjoining fields, the surface of which was not so protected. This he believed to be owing to the fact that in the one case the heat is absorbed in a great measure by the vegetation surrounding the trees, while in the other it is reflected from the bare soil so as to exert a direct effect upon the growing buds. Other illustrations, including the growth of plants in high latitudes surrounded by snow and ice, were considered as establishing the truth of the position taken.

## Personal.

A daughter of Bishop Colenso has arrived in England from South Africa, and in company with a gentleman who lost a brother at Isandula, is writing a history of the war in Zululand.

Mr. James T. Fields' Boston house, which he has occupied for a quarter of a century, contains 10,000 volumes. He has many literary curiosities, including original manuscripts by Thackeray, Dickens, Hawthorne and Whittier.

The Rev. Newman Hall, D. D., the noted Congregationalist pulpit orator of London, who, in August of last year, obtained a divorce from his wife, has married the lady to whom he admitted to the court, during the progress of the trial, he had communicated his intention to marry in the event of the success of the suit against his wife.

A few months before her death, Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, the well-known writer of religious poems, who died a short time ago, sent all her jewels to the English Church Missionary Society. They were valued at \$250. A memorial fund has been started for the training and employment of native Bible women in India, and for the translation and circulation in that country of selections from her books.

The sultan has ten servants whose special duty it is to unfold the carpets for him when he is going to pray, ten to take care of his pipes and cigarettes, two to dress his royal hair, and twenty to attend to his most noble clean shirts. There are a multitude of other attendants about the palace; indeed, it is stated that 800 families and about 4,000 persons live at his majesty's expense. He is an extravagant housekeeper. The annual expenditures of the palace are mentioned as nearly \$14,000,000.

The death, on the same day, of H. McCurdy and Herman D. Aldrich, both New York merchants, is a remarkable coincidence. They were fellow-clerks and partners together during many years, and retired together from business with ample fortunes. In their lives they were pleasantly united throughout many public enterprises and private plans of beneficence, and when each was ignorant of the other's approaching dissolution they were not in their deaths divided. There was a joint funeral in an Episcopal church, in which Episcopal and Presbyterian ministers took part.

## Books and Periodicals.

THE LOGIC OF CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES. By G. Frederick Wright. Andover: F. Draper Warren, 1880. pp. 312.

This is a new work on evidences of the truth of Christianity, written to meet the advanced position of science. It is a readjustment of arguments such as in the opinion of the author is called for by the times. It is a strong book of the kind, and those who are not aroused to earnest thinking will enjoy it. For sale by Nelson S. Quincy, successor to Smith, English & Co., 710 Arch St., Phila.

ALASKA AND MISSIONS ON THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST. By Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D. Fully illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers. pp. 327. Price \$1.50.

This is one of the most interesting books we have seen for a long time, and we would advise our readers to study it, if they wish to get a good idea of the extent and resources of Alaska, and of the people who inhabit it. Those who think Mr. Seward committed a folly when he purchased these vast possessions from Russia for our country, are vastly mistaken. They are mistaken in regard to the climate, the soil, the geographical importance, and the wealth of what is reputed to be an inhospitable region. The degradation of the natives as described by Dr. Jackson, is as much a matter of interest as anything else, and the book will incite Christians to missionary effort.

ADVENTURES IN PATAGONIA. A missionary trip by Rev. Titus Coan: with an introduction by Rev. Henry M. Field, D. D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., No. 755 Broadway, N. Y. pp. 319. Price \$1.25.

This is the narrative of a missionary in the far South. Mr. Coan is a veteran, and his success among the stalwart cannibals was so great that, according to Dr. Field, he had to baptize them on horse. This book, like the one above, should have especial interest for our own people, now that they are awakened to new zeal in the work of foreign missions.

Both works may be had of Claxton, Remsen and Hafflinger, Philadelphia, to whom we are indebted for the copies on our table.

THE STANDARD SERIES, Class B. 2, No. 8. March 30th, 1880. E says, by Thomas Carlyle: Goethe, Burns, Luther's Psalm, Schiller, Memoirs of Mirabeau, Death of Goethe. (Printed without abridgement.) Price 20 cents. I. K. Funk & Co., Nos. 10 & 12 Dey Street, New York.

THE STANDARD SERIES, Class A. 6, No. 9. April 6th, 1880. Life and Work of St. Paul, by Canon Farrar, Part I. and II. (Without notes. Cents 1 and 1 index in full.) Price 25 cents. I. K. Funk & Co., Nos. 10 & 12 Dey Street, New York.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending April 3d and 10th respectively, contain the following articles: The Proper Use of the City Churches, Nineteenth Century; The Pillar of Praise, Contemporary; The Beginnings of Greek Sculpture, Fortnightly; The Reign of Queen Anne, Bush-Life in Queen land, and The North East Passage, a narrative of the Voyage of the *Vega*, Blackwood; The Origin of a Written Greek Literature, and Wordsworth, Fraser; An Iodo Anglian Poet, Gentlemen's Magazine; and in the way of Fiction, the "Crookit Men," a Story of the Year One; "Visions" from the Russian, of Tourgenieff; and "Verena Fontaine's Rebellion," and the usual amount of poetry.

As a New Volume begins with the number for April 3d, this is a good time to subscribe.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, including the extra numbers of the latter, 4th postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.



## The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,  
Rev. C. U. HELLMAN,  
Rev. A. R. KREMER,  
Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1880.

## CHURCH DAYS.

There is evidently a growing disposition among God's people to celebrate the leading events in the life of our Blessed Lord, as these are marked in the Church Year. Christmas is now almost universally recognized as a Christian festival, and Easter is coming to be observed in the same spirit and with the same fidelity. The evidence of this comes to us from the Churches and newspapers of all denominations. During the past week sermons that proclaim the Resurrection of our Lord, and hymns telling of His triumph over the grave were prominent everywhere. Good Friday too has been observed this year more generally than in times past.

This last has been made a national holiday, mainly because it was marked by the assassination of President Lincoln, but this has helped to turn the minds of men to the fact that a greater One has died for us, and led them to spend their hours in thinking of the mystery of Calvary. The New York Observer, speaking of Good Friday, says:

"This day was very largely observed in this city and elsewhere as a holy day, in memory of the death of Christ, our Blessed Lord and Saviour.

"In the Senate of the United States on Thursday, Mr. Edmunds moved that when the Senate adjourns to-day it be to meet on Monday next, to-morrow being Good Friday. Mr. Kernan said, 'We adjourn over a day in honor of a great man of our own time. Let us do as much to honor the day which the Christian world commemorates as that of the death of our Saviour.' The motion of Mr. Edmunds was agreed to.

"Mr. Kernan is a Roman Catholic, from the State of New York, and gave expression to a sentiment that does honor to him and the Christian religion. While we do not regard any day except the Sabbath as holy in such a sense as makes it improper for the Senate or any other civil assembly to hold its sessions on the day, yet the recognition of the feelings of those Christians who wish to observe the day as sacred is eminently becoming.

"It is also a fresh proof, and we have been presenting such recently, that this is a Christian people. Infidelity and secularism may object, but we think the time will never come when the Senate will adjourn in honor of T. Paine, or any of his admirers."

We are glad to quote the above from the Observer, a paper certainly free from any charge of sympathy with Rome, and its expression upon the subject is sensible, and will be taken as reflecting the feelings of broad-minded Christians everywhere. In our own Churches the season through which we have passed has been a profitable one. The reports show this. These reports, numerous as they seem to be, are, after all, from but comparatively few of our congregations. It is, perhaps, well that they do not come from all our pastors, for there would be no room for them, and those kindly furnished to us are sufficient to indicate what has been going on throughout our communion. When God's books are fully opened, the results will be shown to be greater than they appear to be now.

## BLACKMAILING.

The New York Grand Jury has found an indictment against Eugene Fairfax Williamson, for misusing the mails to annoy Rev. Dr. Dix, of Trinity Church, with the view of extorting money from him. In Philadelphia, last week, several men were arrested and held to bail for writing letters calculated to excite mistrust in families. The object of the miscreants was to establish themselves in the "detective business," and they did

not scruple to make falsehood and innuendos which might excite suspicions, their stock in trade. These suspicions once aroused they hoped to manufacture scandal out of perverted circumstances and reap a harvest at the expense of other people's character. The law cannot deal too severely with such men. Every person is, to some extent, at the mercy of every one else in this respect, and unprincipled people may cast stigmas which it is not easy for innocence to remove in the eyes of the world.

## THE CHANNING CENTENNIAL.

The centennial of the birth of Rev. William Ellery Channing, the great Unitarian preacher, who was born at Newport, R. I., on the 7th of April, 1780, was celebrated in the Brooklyn Academy of Music last week. The house was elaborately dressed with evergreens and flowers, and three thousand persons were in attendance. Drs. Ellis, Robert Collyer, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, George William Curtis, and others made spirited addresses. The tribute was more to Dr. Channing's pure character and ability than to the correctness of his views, although some of the speakers seemed willing to pass over the difference between the Trinitarian and Unitarian creeds, in favor of a religion that would "do away with human antipathies." Mr. Beecher said there never was any religion in catechisms or confessions, and laughed at the stern orthodoxy of his father. Dr. Channing was certainly one of the most talented men of his day, and his writings are among the purest specimens of English literature extant. He did much too, to break up the thralldom of New England Puritanism, which, in those days, painted God as a tyrant, but his Arianism was not safe, and is fast dying out as a factor in the belief of New England. Sparks, Everett, Bancroft, Emerson and Ripley were his followers, but the most brilliant of these did not even continue in the Unitarian ministry.

## WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington, in the District of Columbia, is in the nature of the case a peculiar place. It is the capital of the nation, and much centres there which no one can expect to find even in the larger commercial cities. It has been called the city of splendid distances, and it rightfully deserves the name. It has not the pent-up appearance of an ordinary metropolis; there is no feeling of oppression as you pass along the broad avenues and well defined streets. The public buildings are unsurpassed by any in the world, and say what we will about their cost, there is an instinctive feeling of justifiable pride excited by looking upon them. Every American has an undivided interest in every atom of the materials used in their construction—only a fifty millionth part to be sure, but no one would like to sell out, because citizenship is involved.

As should be expected, too, the most prominent people of the place are those whose official duties call them there, and the population is largely cosmopolitan. We hear a great deal about the corruption at Washington, just as this is spoken about in connection with the capitals of the states. But as far as this relates to men in official position, these are in the main persons who are sent there from all over the land. They are just the persons chosen to represent other sections of country, and whatever truth there may be in the allegations, everything is not to be blamed upon one locality. We think the charges made are often too sweeping. There are excellent Christian men in all the departments of public service, and in both houses of Congress. These men are interested in the churches, and show more zeal than many whose permanent residences at other places should stimulate their zeal. Besides, there is a large number of good people there altogether disconnected from public affairs. They are simply citizens pursuing the vocations of ordinary life, and it is just as wrong to involve them in bad repute as it would be to speak of the thousands of Christians in New York, only as living in the city where

Wm. M. Tweed perpetrated his enormous frauds.

Washington is a city of churches. Unfortunately in addition to the German congregation, we have but a struggling mission there—one in which the English language is used. The work has been delayed so long that our people have sought communion elsewhere, and it may be hard to get a foot-hold now. This is discouraging. It saddened us on Easter Eve to grope through the darkness and rain, hunting the "Hall" in which we supposed a preparatory service had been appointed. It was humiliating to be told by a gentleman, who pointed to a placard upon a door, that there was "a society that held meetings up there," but that he was ignorant of the denomination spoken of. We felt that it was a just reflection not upon missionaries, or a few people of the place, but upon a great historical Church.

Yet the communion in that "upper chamber" on Easter morning was not without its cheer. We were pleased with the spirit of those who partook of the feast, and we hope our people will come to their aid and that we may have a self-sustaining congregation at the national capital in a few years.

It is not too much to ask the Church at large this year in addition to obligations already assumed to give this mission a good start, besides making our interests in Boston secure for the future. A lot should be bought in Washington, and a chapel, after one of the designs published by the Methodist Church Extension Society, put upon it. This done, the enterprise would go forward with renewed life. Other denominations have succeeded there, and so may we, even at this late date if we show the same activity. The appeals made for the "Metropolitan" Church by the Methodists, and for the "Memorial" Church by the Lutherans, have been to their people throughout the nation. It is a pity our work did not commence at the same time, but their success should encourage us to persevering effort and to liberality.

## THE JAPANESE MISSION.

The letter referred to in the communication of the Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, to which we call attention, has just reached us. It comes too late for insertion in this issue. We regret this exceedingly, but bespeak for it a careful reading next week. Arrangements should be made to bring it before the people in the public services at the missionary meetings, and in private interviews. The opportunity to secure good buildings in Tokio at small cost is a rare one and should not be allowed to pass unimproved. The amount required can be raised on a single Sunday if the whole Church makes a special effort.

## OUR SOUTHERN TRIP.

Once, in our long life, has it fallen to our lot to be seriously ill, so as to be confined nearly three weeks to our bed. God has, indeed, been good to us in this respect, and for our general good health, we have always tried to be thankful. As soon as we had sufficiently recovered from our illness to be able to travel, our physician ordered us to make a journey of some weeks to the South. A number of kind friends, also, from that section of our Church, extended to us cordial invitations to visit them, of which we thankfully accepted such as could be made available. After an absence of nearly five weeks, we returned to our home much improved in health, and with a fair prospect of full recovery in the near future. We are thankful to our friends for the many favors received, and as it may not be uninteresting to the readers of the MESSENGER, we shall give a brief account of our journey, and of what we saw at different places visited, in a few successive numbers of our paper.

On our way South, we spent two days in the hospitable home of Elder Goldsboro S. Griffith, of Baltimore, Md. Whilst tarrying here, through the kindness of our host, we visited Druid Hill Park, in the vicinity of the city. It has long been famed for the breadth of ground it covers, and for the beauty and

romance of its varied scenery. This view of it, we think, is fully justified by the facts in the case. It contrasts favorably with the several parks connected with a number of our American cities, and comes short of the much admired and greatly celebrated park of our own city, only in the number of acres included within its limits.

On our return journey two nights and a Sunday were spent under the same hospitable roof. On Sunday morning and evening, we occupied the pulpit of the First Reformed Church, of which the Rev. J. T. Rossiter is pastor. His health is somewhat impaired, and he was also considerably worn down by the labors connected with the Easter season, and the preceding Lenten services. We were glad to be able to afford him some slight respite from his continued labors. The audience in the morning was good, and in the evening also, it would compare favorably with the evening audiences of the most of our churches in our "city of brotherly love." The congregation is prospering under the untiring labors of its pastor.

We were pleased to learn, that the other two English congregations in the city are also in a very good condition, and especially that the Third Church, which had suffered so much from the treachery of its former pastor, is fast recovering from its difficulties, and bids fair to become one of the most numerous and active as to its membership, among our English churches. The four German churches in the city, with perhaps one exception, are also moving successfully forward.

On Sunday afternoon we attended divine service in the Maryland Penitentiary, and listened to an earnest sermon delivered by the Rev. Dr. Watkins of the Episcopal Church. He had an audience of some six hundred or more, made up principally of the male convicts in that institution, who listened with marked attention to the gospel message delivered to them. They entered also most heartily into the devotional part of the services, making the vast hall, in which they were assembled, to resound with their earnest and impressive mode of rendering the songs of the sanctuary. We were forcibly reminded of the great advantage, which the services, as held in the Penitentiary of Maryland and the Prison of Baltimore, have over the services, as held in the large Prisons and Penitentiaries in Pennsylvania. Here the preacher takes his stand at the end of one of the vast corridors, and speaks to the bare walls, whilst the prisoners remain in their cells, and listen to the speaker, without seeing him or he seeing them. It is difficult to speak in such circumstances, as the special inspiration is absent, which is imparted to the speaker by having his audience fully in sight. We should be glad, if those, who control our Penitentiaries, would profit by the example set them by those who control the Prisons and Penitentiaries of Maryland, in regard to the mode of holding religious services. It would not only greatly aid the speaker in his work of love, but also add much in the way of benefiting those addressed.

The first Sunday of our absence from home was spent with our youngest brother, who resides in Alexandria, Va. As it rained throughout the day, we were prevented from attending divine service at any of the churches in the place. Alexandria is an old city, of about twelve thousand inhabitants, and has in it several reminiscences of the early history of our country, among which the church in which Washington worshipped is prominent. There are several churches in the place of different religious denominations, among which, however, the Reformed Church is not represented.

The second Sunday was spent with the Rev. F. E. Vandersloot, at Herndon, Fairfax county, Va., to which place we had gone on the previous Thursday and remained until the following Wednesday. At the earnest solicitation of our friends, who so kindly entertained us, we preached in the Methodist Church on Sunday morning, to such an audience as the bad condition of the roads and the unfavorable state of the weather, permitted to assemble, and were glad to

find we had recovered sufficient strength to enable us to do so.

During our sojourn at Herndon, it rained or snowed almost every day, so that we were not able to get around much. What we saw of the country in the immediate neighborhood, however, impressed us favorably. Several of the farms in view are under such a state of cultivation as to show what might be done with others around them, were they to be in the hands of some of our good Pennsylvania farmers for a few years. Such of our farmers as may wish to seek a location elsewhere might find it to their advantage to visit this region, which is only twenty-five miles distant from Washington city and in daily communication with it by a railroad.

So far as the Reformed Church is concerned, Rev. F. E. Vandersloot is its only representative in this particular region. Whilst he is comfortably situated in every other respect, it would gratify him very much and also add to his comfort, were some of the members of his own Church to settle around him, so that with them he might be privileged to worship in the Church of his fathers. Whether his wishes in this respect shall ever be met time will determine. More improbable things than this, however, have occurred in the past, so that the future, with respect to it, is not wholly beyond the reach of hope.

S. R. F.

## EASTER'S FIRST CELEBRANT.

Among the eminent disciples of Jesus, whose praise will be celebrated and whose memory will be embalmed to the last day of time by the Church, was Mary Magdalene, the much-forgiven and much-loving one, who,

"While apostles shrunk, could dangers brave,  
Last at His cross, and earliest at His grave."

Who can sound the depths of that woman's sorrow, as she stands weeping at Jesus' tomb? The world is to her dark as midnight, when impending clouds shut out both moon and stars. The past is all a dream, and yet a wondrous reality; the future is a blank, as if neither prophet, nor angel, nor divine Redeemer had ever spoken a word concerning it. The gloom of the grave, the pain of an infinite bereavement, and a sense of total desertion by God and man, all bear down upon her soul as if to crush and grind it in pieces.

Such are the sorrows of Christ's most faithful disciples. Thus it is that they share in His sufferings, until like Him they are forced to cry out: "Why hast Thou forsaken me?" But such sufferers are also the first to reap the golden harvest of joy. They do not shun the deepest sorrows of death and the grave: nor do they miss the first greetings of light that come forth from Jesus' tomb. They have bravely passed through the thick darkness of the world's howling wilderness: they shall also enter the abode of light and peace.

So it was with Mary. The awful feeling that her dear Lord's enemies had robbed the tomb of its sacred treasure, and borne it away to the burial place of malefactors, as she doubtless suspected, so moved her, that, against hope, "she stooped down and looked into the sepulcher," and, seeing two angels, she heard from their celestial lips the prelude to the first Easter greeting, "Woman, why weepest thou?" And having stated the cause of her grief, turning back she saw Jesus Himself, and heard from Him the same question, "Woman, why weepest thou?" But, as in the case of the two disciples of Emmaus, she did not know Him, but supposed He was the gardener. Now mark her words: "Sir, if thou hast borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away." After being well-nigh overwhelmed with grief, light begins to dawn upon her from within and without the tomb. She seems to have acquired new strength in body and soul. She speaks with authority and confidence: "I will take Him away!" and with the sovereignty which love only can confer: "Tell me where thou hast laid Him?" Alone in the world, searching for the body of the Lord of all, she was the Lord's bride and the world's queen, representing the highest virtue, the most heroic courage, the unconquerable power of Christian



love; and was found worthy of receiving the first revelation of the resurrection.

It was fit that so it should be. When the first creation was in its virgin purity and beauty, the "Mother of all living" yielded to temptation and sinned. To her the promise was given, that her Seed should restore the dead to life, create all things new, and bring in everlasting salvation. The promised Redeemer came, died, and rose again, according to the Scriptures and His own repeated declarations: and the first to whom He shows Himself alive after His passion is a woman: not to Peter, the great apostle and confessor, nor to John, the loving disciple and "son of thunder" in zeal for his Master; but to Mary Magdalene, the once notorious sinner. How manifestly and how gloriously the promise of God in Eden was fulfilled! One Mary, distinguished by unsullied purity and heavenly piety became the Lord's mother, and then rested in holy retirement on her God-given honors: the other Mary, drawn by the love and saving power of Jesus from the very jaws of sin and hell—delivered from a full body-guard of evil spirits—is the first to whom the risen Saviour speaks, and the first that is commissioned by Him to break the secret of His resurrection to His apostles, and through them to the world. How speedily and how effectually her sorrow is turned into joy! She casts herself at her risen Master's feet, and clings to His person with all the passion of the most adoring love. The chief of sinners, most forgiven, most loving, most highly honored. Here is a full living picture of redemption through Christ. The first celebration of Easter is a most glorious exhibition of that grace of God which bringeth salvation. K.

#### DEATH OF GEN. JAMES L. REYNOLDS.

Gen. James L. Reynolds, a graduate of Marshall College in the class of 1841, died last week at University Hospital. Gen. Reynolds was a prominent member of the Lancaster Bar, and won some distinction for his services during the late civil war. His funeral at Lancaster, on Thursday, was largely attended by leading citizens of the State. The earlier students of our Institutions at Mercersburg, remember him with affection and esteem.

Mr. H. K. Binkley has been at Columbia, Pa., and the Rev. Calvin Gerhart, who has charge of the congregation at that place, sends us twenty new subscribers. Pastors in more than one quarter are beginning to see, that some things can be done as well as others.

#### Communications.

##### EASTER REJOICINGS.

###### SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

The first Reformed church, Race St. below Fourth, Philadelphia, celebrated the communion of the Lord's Supper at the morning service on Easter Sunday, in which a large number of communicants participated, and a rich blessing was enjoyed. Nine new members were added to the church, six by confirmation and three by renewal of profession. It was one of the largest and most precious communions enjoyed during the present pastorate. In the evening the Sunday School held its annual Easter concert in connection with its seventy-fourth anniversary. The floral decorations on the occasion were very elaborate, the singing under the leadership of Mr. N. Berkenstock spirited and enlivening. Addresses were delivered by Major Wm. Lambert, a former member and scholar of the school, who greeted his old friends in a fine address, and was welcomed by the pastor, who followed with remarks suited to the occasion. It may be an item of interest to notice, in this year, when England will celebrate the centennial of her Sunday Schools, that the Reformed church on Race street, now in her one hundred and fifty-third year, celebrates the seventy-fourth anniversary of her Sunday School.

According to reports sent us, Dr. Porter's congregation at Easton, Pa., has great reason for encouragement. The services during Passion Week and on Easter Day seem to have been especially blest. A large class was confirmed. A correspondent notes the fact, that those composing it were nearly all males, some of them advanced in years. The church was beautifully decorated, and the music on the grand new organ very fine and appropriate.

The Easter season in the Lewisburg congregation, Rev. R. L. Gerhart, pastor, was one of great spiritual enjoyment. Appropriate sermons were preached during the week. Only one person was received. But it must be remembered that twenty-four, constituting a class gathered by Rev. Mr. Crawford, former pastor, had been received into the communion in January last. A special collection was taken in the Sunday School on Easter morning for the Japanese mission. It amounted to \$16.54. Besides this, \$15.55 were contributed by the congregation for Home Missions.

The communion of the Lord's Supper was celebrated in the Millersburg congregation of

the Tulpehocken charge, Rev. Dr. C. H. Leinbach, pastor, on Sunday, April 4th. The large church was filled to its utmost capacity, and much solemnity prevailed. Two hundred and fifty-four partook of the sacrament. On Saturday previous, thirty-one young persons were confirmed. Rev. J. Calvin Leinbach, of Riegelsville, Pa., assisted in these services.

In the Second Reformed church, Harrisburg, Pa., Rev. G. W. Snyder, pastor, services were held every evening except Saturday during the week preceding the Easter communion. On Good Friday evening, at the preparatory service, ten persons were received, four by confirmation and six by certificate.

At the communion service of the Heidelberg Reformed church, of Phila., on Sabbath, April 4th, Rev. J. I. Good received thirty-seven persons, fifteen by confirmation, and twenty-two by certificate and renewal of faith.

We have received from a member of the Riegelsville congregation a long and well-written account of the services held by Rev. J. C. Leinbach during Passion Week and at Easter. We would like to publish it in full, if we had room. It must suffice to say, that the church was beautifully trimmed for the festival, and that the services for days before were well attended. Nine young persons were confirmed. Eleven were received by certificate, and one by renewed profession. The communion was one of the largest known in the history of the congregation. The Sunday School festival in the evening was profitable and refreshing.

Rev. Dr. Klopp writes: Special services, were held in Trinity Reformed church every evening for two weeks preceding Easter. They grew out of quite a revived state of feeling which has been existing all through the winter. There has been an improvement in attendance at all the regular weekly, as well as the Lord's Day services, equal on the average, to about one-third. There has been held all through the winter an extra prayer-meeting on Sunday afternoons, as latterly also, one by the young men exclusively on Sunday morning before preaching. The Easter communion was the largest ever held in this church. The result of this revival so far has been, that, on Good Friday and Easter, the total additions were twenty-eight.

On Sunday, April 4th, the pastor preached his thirteenth anniversary sermon. During this pastoral year, the total additions were: by renewed profession, ten; baptism and confirmation, nine; confirmation, thirty; certificate, five; total, 54. The special services were continued the week after Easter, during which a number of others showed a desire to come out on the Lord's side.

The Easter communion season in the First church, Harrisburg, was a very interesting and edifying occasion. Services were held every evening during Passion Week, except Saturday. Services also on Good Friday morning. These services were well attended, and the communion on Easter was the largest probably held during the present pastorate. Seventeen persons were added to the church, ten by confirmation on Good Friday evening. The memorial collection on Sunday for Missions amounted to \$115.00. The pastor was assisted by Dr. G. W. Anghinbaugh, President of Myerstown College.

###### SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

The congregations belonging to Martinsburg charge, Blair county, Pa., Rev. J. D. Miller, pastor, have lately had a refreshing season. Services were commenced in St. Luke's church on the 15th ult., and the communion celebrated on Palm Sunday. In St. John's church, Martinsburg, the services were held every day during Passion Week, and the communion celebrated on Easter morning. On Good Friday, a class of catechumens, numbering fourteen, was confirmed. Two were baptized, and one was received by certificate. The attendance was large and the interest great.

Rev. J. T. Rossiter, pastor of the First Reformed church, Baltimore, held services twice a week throughout the Lenten season, and every evening, except Saturday, during Passion Week. On Good Friday night, twenty-five persons were received into full communion; eighteen by confirmation, seven by certificate. Two adults received baptism. There have been thirty-two additions during the year. All the services during the year were well attended. The late collections for Beneficiary Education and Home Missions were liberal.

###### PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

Rev. D. D. Leberman received into the congregation at Meadville, on Easter, fourteen by confirmation and one by letter, thus making a total of twenty-one since the meeting of Classis. The annual collection was \$10.50, thus paying almost the entire assessment of \$115 for missions.

Rev. J. W. Love added, on Easter, to the Second church, of Greensburg, fifteen by confirmation, of whom five received adult baptism, and two were heads of large families.

Rev. S. R. Bridenbaugh held special services during the Lenten season every Wednesday and Friday evenings, and during Passion Week daily, commencing with Palm Sunday. The services were well attended, and a deep interest pervaded the people. It was to them a joyful season, when eleven were added to their number, and they laid a thank-offering of \$26.36 upon the altar.

Rev. T. F. Stauffer added, on Easter, by confirmation nine; by letter one. He baptized four infants and four adults. During a communion held Jan. 3d there were received by confirmation, letter and renewal, eight, thus adding eighteen during this year.

Rev. J. Ruhl had a peculiarly interesting and impressive Easter communion. He confirmed a class of twenty, this being the tenth class since the removal to Frostburg, and swelling the number to 157. Out of a membership of 200, there communed 175. The collection amounted to \$16.00. The Sunday School held a special service in the evening. This is a foreign German congregation, yet there are English services every Sunday evening for the young people.

Pine Run Reformed congregation celebrated the holy communion on Easter Sunday. Considering the inclement weather and bad state of the roads, the congregation was well represented. Three persons were received into the membership, one by confirmation, one by certificate and one by renewal. Collection for benevolence respectable. Services commenced on Wednesday, continuing with one service a day, and closing with the communion.

Rev. J. W. Knappenberger, at the Easter communion of Zion's mission, received three members by certificate. Many of the members of the Grace church, now without a shepherd, communed with this congregation. The services were interesting and impressive. The chapel was lately painted inside and out-

side. The ceiling and wall were calcimined and ornamented with center pieces and borders, which now give this people a very attractive place to worship in. On the evening of the 31st ult., the Sunday School scholars received a treat under the direction of deacon John L. Fundis. The school was addressed by the pastor and deacon J. F. McOmsey. The prospects of the congregation and Sunday School are growing brighter.

Rev. W. B. Sandoe received, on Easter, three members into the St. John's congregation. The attendance was good, considering the weather, and the offering amounted to \$6.16.

#### Church News.

##### OUR OWN CHURCH.

###### SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

Rev. John C. Bucher, D. D., who resides in Lewisburg, Pa., has taken charge of a class of adults in the Reformed Sunday School in that place, and, according to the pastor's report, is greatly interesting his people. This school lately cleared \$75 by an entertainment given, and devoted it to the library. The congregation has a sociable, at which collections are taken. The proceeds just now have been set apart for pulpit furniture.

###### THE POTOMAC SYNOD.

Rev. W. F. Colliflower, whose resignation of the Abbottstown charge and retirement to Frederick, Maryland, we mentioned last week, has been in the ministry forty-three years. His life has been active and laborious, and he now takes rest for a time in the hope of regaining his health and entering again upon the work. His post-office address will be Frederick, Maryland.

From the *Hanover Citizen* we learn, that on Good Friday, Rev. J. Sechler resigned the Manheim charge. Mr. Sechler was pastor of the Hanover charge twenty-two years, and of Christ's church, Littlestown, eight years. When the original charge was again divided, he accepted a call to the charge he has just been compelled to relinquish on account of failing health, and served it fourteen years. The consistory properly passed resolutions, that testify to Father Sechler's fidelity. H.

###### PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

A donation party visited Rev. Josiah May, of Mercer charge, on the 28th of January, and after all had dined there were left at the parsonage provisions, goods and money to the value of \$31.62.

Rev. J. S. Wagner held spring communions in the Mount Taber and Fredens congregations. There were received by confirmation two, and by certificate four. This makes the additions in all during the year seventeen. He is succeeding well in his large and laborious field.

Licentiate Good, from Tiffin, received a call to the Salem charge, Westmoreland county, Pa., and will, in all probability, accept.

Rev. C. U. Heilman, at a late communion with the Trinity congregation, added fifteen, of whom three received adult baptism.

Pittsburgh Synod, at its last meeting, passed a resolution enjoining upon the members of the Mission Board, of which there is a member in the bounds of each Classis, to arrange that a missionary meeting be held in the bounds of each charge of the Synod.

Rev. D. D. Leberman has a missionary society in the Meadville congregation, with 180 members, which holds weekly meetings.

Rev. J. S. Wagner held a missionary meeting in the Mt. Taber congregation, and was assisted by Rev. H. F. Keener and S. R. Bridenbaugh.

Revs. J. W. Love and C. R. Dieffenbacher had a good missionary meeting in Greensburg, at which they were assisted by their neighboring brethren. These congregations contribute their full apportionments, with liberal gifts to the other operations of the Church.

Rev. S. R. Bridenbaugh has a "Conrad Missionary Society," which has a membership of nearly one hundred, and is making the congregation alive to the cause. The Sunday School, besides its contributions to Orphan Home, gave, during the last year, \$75 to this cause.

The Meadville congregation has, since last September, erected a beautiful Sunday School room, including furniture, organ, &c., costing \$1,500, all paid but \$120. This is an evidence of a live congregation.

The Second Greensburg congregation has entered upon the erection of a new Reformed church to cost \$12,000. This congregation has abundance of means, yet it deserves credit for undertaking this work, which is in the interest of the Great Head of the Church.

The *Orphans' Friend*, a paper published in the interest of the Butler Orphan Home, is soon to be enlarged to the size of the single sheet of the MESSENGER.

Grace church is making preparations to receive her new pastor. They are painting, and papering, and re-modeling their church, having built an addition so as to make room for a new organ, thus making the church one of the most inviting audience rooms in the city of Pittsburgh. H.

###### WESTERN CHURCH.

Rev. O. E. Lake, of Walkersville, Md., having received a unanimous call to the Shelby charge, expects to leave for his new field of labor on the 20th inst. Correspondents will please note the change and address him accordingly.

##### NOTICE.

By general request, the date for the convening of Tobickon Classis is changed from June 4th to June 15th, 7½ P. M., in Indian Creek Church. By order of J. G. DENGELER.

N. Z. SNYDER

Secretary.

#### Married.

On Wednesday, March 24th, 1880, at the house of the bride, by Rev. D. H. Leader, Mr. Frank S. Richards to Miss Alice Weaverling, both of Everett, Pa.

On Thursday, March 25th, at the residence of the bride's father, by the same, Mr. Michael Barkman to Miss Mattie Shearer, both of Monroe Township, Bedford Co., Pa.

At Utica, Md., March 25th, 1880, by Rev. O. E. Lake, Wm. A. Smith to Miss Mabel E. Cramer, both of Frederick Co., Md.

On Wednesday, April 7th, 1880, at Bird-in-Hand, Lancaster Co., Pa., by the Rev. D. W. Gerhart, Rev. D. B. Shuey, pastor of New Providence charge, to Miss M. Viola Bushong of the former place.

At the home of the bride, on the 30th ult., by Rev. A. C. Geary, Mr. Jacob Dellinger to Miss Laura D. Snyder, both of Cedar Grove, Washington Co., Md.

On the 1st of April, 1880, at the home of the bride, by Rev. B. B. Feyer of Pleasant Unity, John F. Albrecht to Carrie J. Rumbach, both of Ridgeview, Westmoreland Co., Pa.

At the residence of Mrs. John Besser, Stonerstown, Bedford Co., Pa., on March 25th, 1880, by the Rev. J. David Miller, Mr. H. H. E. Faust of Bellefonte, Pa., to Mrs. Pauline L. Krouss of Saxton, Bedford Co., Pa.

On Thursday, the 18th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, Robert Craig, Esq., near Newport, Augusta Co., Va., by the Rev. S. L. Whitmore, Mr. D. A. Miller of Rockbridge Co., to Miss Virginia Alice Craig.

#### Obituaries.

##### TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the Sunday School Association of the Second Reformed Church of Harrisburg, at which some of the members of the consistory of the congregation, and others were present, Rev. G. W. Snyder was called to the chair, and Wm. H. Seibert appointed Secretary. The object of the meeting to take action relative to the death of Mr. L. M. Kolker, having been stated, on motion, Capt. J. N. Blundin, Charles Losh, Dr. Isaac Leifer, Mrs. C. E. Barnhard, and Mrs. M. Alice Haanaker were appointed a committee to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting. The committee made the following report, which was unanimously adopted, viz:

WHEREAS, God in the exercise of His sovereign will, and in the dispensation of His all-wise Providence, has taken from his labors in this world, and called to his reward in heaven, our esteemed friend and brother Immanuel M. Kolker, with whom we have been associated for years in various ways in Christian work, we believe it just to put upon record the expression of our sorrow on account thereof, and also to offer our sympathy to the bereaved relatives, therefore

Resolved, That while we bow with resignation to the will of God in removing Brother Kolker from us, who for a period of thirteen years was connected with the Sunday-school of the Second Reformed Church as Assistant Superintendent, we feel that we have lost an earnest worker in the Church and Sabbath-school; one who was sincere in his endeavors to promote the good of others, and whose great delight was to see the cause of God prosper in the world.

Resolved, That we believe the Church at large has lost a worthy member, whose Christian character and acts of benevolence and Christian charity will long be remembered; many of which having been performed in secret, and through the instrumentality of confidential friends, are only known to Him who will reward His faithful servants, and will be fully revealed only at the day of judgment.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his bereaved family; and while we feel that our loss is great, yet we know that there is incomparably greater—a loss which can never be made up, and in which they can only be sustained by reliance upon the grace of God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom they will resort.

Resolved, That these proceedings be entered upon the Minutes of the Sunday school Association, and the minutes of the consistory of the congregation; that a copy be furnished to the family of the deceased, and published in the papers of the city, and in the Reformed Church papers.

###### COMMITTEE.

DIED.—In Baltimore City, Friday morning, March 19th, 1880, after a brief and painful illness Louis D. Zornstein, at the age of 30 years.

The loss of this son in the prime of manhood is in many respects a sad one indeed, to his parents and a like and almost irreparable loss to the congregation of which he was a faithful member. He was stricken down without a moment's warning to his friends and apparently so to himself, by an "apoplectic stroke," the result of an injury received twenty-three years ago. When a little boy seven years old, he had a severe fall on the pavement in Frederick City, by which the optic nerves were injured, and from that moment he was deprived of sight. The sad effect of this fall slowly and imperceptibly developed itself through these long years, and on Monday night, March 15th, he was stricken down on his way home from a meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of St. Paul's Reformed Church. He was in company with a cousin, who was as kind and attached to him as a sister, when he was struck by the sable wing of the dread messenger. With the assistance of a gentleman, who providentially came along, she succeeded in getting him home, though he suffered acutely, and what is most sad, was unable to express his sufferings, for from the time he was attacked until his death his tongue was paralyzed, though he was conscious part of the time, and indicated by the pressure of the hand when addressed, that he knew those who spoke to him and understood what they said.

The suddenness and severity of the attack, and the death in the full blossom of manhood in the midst of a useful career are sad; but along with this dark cloud there are greater consolations. His life was blameless. He was an exemplary Christian. His disposition was remarkably sweet. It is a fact to which many can attest, that he was ever happy in doing kind acts toward others. His life was spent in well doing in which he never wearied. Though he was blind, not a single murmur ever escaped his lips, and his remarkably expressive face upon which a sweet smile continually played in an unmistakable proof, that no repining thoughts ever cast their dark shadows in his heart. It was a matter of general comment in the congregation of which he was a member, what a remarkable amount of sunshine there was in his disposition, and all were very greatly attached to him. He was one of those kindly, sweet, amiable souls which draw one to them, and which once known are never forgotten, and what is above all comforting, made so by the Divine life of Jesus within.

Baptized in infancy, he had the training of a good pious mother, and when the time arrived for him to enter into full communion with the Church he did so, and his life is the proof that the blessing pronounced upon him by the sainted Dr. Zacharias was not in vain. The very God of peace sanctified him, and his whole spirit, soul and body shall be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

We would not do justice to the brother if we failed to state, that notwithstanding he was deprived of his sight, still he was doing a noble work for his Master. He was endowed with talents of a high order, and had he been ambitious, he could have won a distinguished reputation. He was a musician of marked ability, but his modesty and humility were so great that he never sought notoriety. A little more than a year ago he became our organist, and during this time he proved beyond question, that he was a complete master of the instrument. At the time he was taken from us, he was teaching a lady-friend a selection from Handel's Messiah, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and had just finished composing a beautiful anthem for Easter, but before the Easter came he went to dwell with His risen and glorified Redeemer. He took especial delight in the praise of the sanctuary, and expressed the true sentiments of his heart in his anthem Praise ye the Lord, (150th Ps.).

On Easter Sunday afternoon memorial services were held for the deceased brother, when the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, In the Providence of an all-wise God it has seemed meet to Him to remove from among us, after a short and painful illness, our beloved brother and organist Louis D. Zornstein, and

WHEREAS, We esteem it a privilege and a duty to hereby express our feelings upon the decease of one, who by his sweet disposition had endeared himself to the hearts of all with whom he came in contact, and whose place as organist it will be difficult to fill, therefore

Resolved, That whilst we acknowledge the superior wisdom of Him who doeth all things well, and bow in submission to the will of our Divine Master, in opening the eyes of our departed brother in a better and purer clime than this vale of tears, and when he shall praise the Lord on the golden harp of victory with far sweeter music than any here on earth; for he now dwells with that "Redeemer whom he knew liveth" and whom he longed to see.

Resolved, That we tender our deepest sympathies to the bereaved family in their irreparable loss, and commend them to our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, the only true source of consolation in this sad bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of the above be sent to the family of the deceased, and also to the Reformed Church Messenger for publication.

Much more could be said commendatory of the departed, but we trust this may be sufficient to express our sorrow for the loss of so faithful and such a worthy member of Christ's Church.

M. L. Finos, pastor.

Mrs. Lillie S. Saul, daughter of John B. and Mary Weaver, was born in Mt. Pleasant Township, Westmoreland Co., Pa., April 12th, 1842, and died March 21st, 1880. She was baptized in infancy by Rev. Dr. N. P. Hacke, confirmed in the Reformed church at Pleasant Unity, Nov. 15th, 1862, by Rev. C. C. Russell, and was married to Mr. George Saul, March 25th, 1875. She had four children, two of whom preceded her to eternity. Her remains were interred in the cemetery in New Salem, on March 23d, 1880, followed by a large train of people.

Mrs. Saul was a faithful, devoted member of the Reformed Church, modest and retiring, but earnest and sincere in serving her Lord and Saviour. She was a true friend, an obedient daughter, a kind sister, an obliging neighbor, an affectionate mother, and a loving and devoted wife. The esteem in which she was held by the community in which she lived, was shown by the large number of people present at her funeral. The bereaved husband and little children have the sympathy of one and all. Their home, robbed of its brightest ornament, a good, kind, Christian mother, is now shrouded in the most sad affliction. "But they mourn not as those who have no hope." Death did not take Mrs. Saul unprepared. She meditated frequently upon Divine things. She died as she had lived, in the Lord. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

H. M. R.

East End, Pittsburgh, Pa., March 29th, 1880.

DIED.—At Mahanoy, Northumberland Co., Pa., March 15th, 1880, Mr. John Zartman, aged 74 years, 4 months, 27 days.

Father Zartman was in his infancy dedicated to the service of God by holy baptism, and as soon as he came to mature years he was instructed and confirmed as a member in full connection with the Lutheran church at Mahanoy, where the Lutheran and Reformed congregations worship together, and continued to be a faithful member of the same to the day of his death. About three weeks previous to his departure, he desired once more to receive the holy communion, and therefore sent for his pastor to give it to him.

Although the deceased was a member of the Lutheran Church, yet he was a subscriber and attentive reader of "Der Reformirte Hausfreund" for the last eight years, and always contributed as much for the support of the Reformed church as he did for his own. He leaves an interesting family to mourn his loss. His widow and children, two sons and four daughters, all married, are communicant members of the Reformed church, one daughter of which is married to J. R. Hiltush, Esq., who has frequently been a delegated Elder to Classis and Synod.

The deceased has held the office of Treasurer, and performed its duties to the satisfaction of all of the Sunday-school connected with the church to which he belonged for some twenty years. He was in bad health for a number of years, and since Christmas he was confined to his chair and bed, his disease being consumption and dropsy of the heart, from which he suffered very much for the last four weeks; yet in the midst of his sufferings, which were protracted and severe, not a murmur escaped his lips, but sweet Christian resignation reigned in his soul.

Assured of his eternal safety, he bade his weeping wife, children and friends to go with him, when asked where to, he replied, pointing with his hand upwards "Up to heaven." He was fully prepared for the last enemy, which is death. During his illness he admonished his loving wife, children and friends to serve God faithfully to the end, and they would receive "the crown of life."

After giving instructions in regard to his funeral, for he was conscious to the end, he fell asleep in Jesus, without an apparent pain or struggle. On the following Thursday his remains were followed to their last resting place, by a large concourse of mourning relatives and sympathizing friends, and were buried in the grave-yard attached to St. Paul's Church at this place, where two sermons were preached, the one by Rev. J. C. Smith, on Rev. second chapter, last part of tenth verse, being selected by the deceased, and the other by Rev. A. R. Hottenstein on Phil. first chapter twenty-first verse.

His family, and especially his mourning widow deeply feel his loss, but we hope our loss is his eternal gain, and therefore do not weep as those who have no hope. We believe in the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

A FRIEND.

Mahanoy, Pa., March 27th, 1880.

DIED.—In Lebanon, Pa., March 24th, William L. Rader, aged 23 years, 8 months and 1 day.

In the early decease of this young man, there were many circumstances which rendered it hard to comprehend. He was entering upon a brilliant career. Possessing rare musical talent, an exquisite taste, and cultured conceptions of harmony and melody, it seemed as if the instrument became conscious of his power, and gave forth expressions in chords almost divine. The member of the Synod convention last fall in Lebanon, will remember the rare gifts of the music which fell upon their ears, and entranced their senses. But it pleased Divine Providence to remove him from the earthly sphere, and to employ his rare talent in a clime more congenial to its development.

He was a young man of great moral force of character. Baptized in infancy he grew up in the church, and after proper instruction was confirmed Whitunday, 1872, in his sixteenth year. From that time to the present he attended all the catechetical lectures, and furnished the music, and led the singing. Also in the weekly lecture, and always on the Lord's day. He was identified with all the musical services of the congregation. He had fully espoused the doctrine and cultus of the Church, and consecrated all his powers on the altar of God. When called to die, he bore witness to the truth, which he had received and believed. He said "It is all right, I am clinging to the cross." He died in great peace and triumph.

His funeral took place on "Silent Saturday," the day commemorative of the thirty hours in which the Saviour lay entombed. Although the weather was inclement, the large church was filled to overflowing, and an immense concourse throughout the streets of the town. The services in the church consisted of the form prescribed in the Order of Worship, conducted by Rev. Dr. Kremer and Rev. D. B. Albright. A sermon was preached by his pastor, on Rom. xiv. 7-9, on the dominion of Christ, His right to His people, and to dispose of them according to His sovereign will. The organ on which he had played for six years, was heavily draped, and was more impressive than ever, from the eloquence of silence. The body was placed in front of the chancel, where he was confirmed, and had often partaken of the communion of the body and blood of Christ.

An immense number of young men participated in the services, and were visibly affected by his early death. The whole community feel the loss, and unconsciously pay a tribute of respect to that religion, which was his hope in life and in death. To his sorrowing relatives and friends, there is a silver lining, a ray of light darting across the gloom, from the effulgence of the glory in which he now dwells. That this mysterious dispensation may be sanctified to us who remain yet a little while, is the fervent prayer of the PASTOR.

DIED.—At Chaneysville, Bedford Co., Pa., on the 28th of March, Ellen F., daughter of John and Margaret Hast aged 9 years, 9 months and 28 days.

We met with one of the sad mysteries of God's providence in the case of this little sufferer. Almost all her life she was subject to attacks of epilepsy, which grew constantly more frequent and severe. Saddest of all, the disease had early bereft her of her reason, and rendered her otherwise totally helpless for a week previous to her death. She was daily and almost hourly seized with spasms. But God gave her a restful Sunday, and, as it was nearing its close, she quietly fell asleep in Christ. It was to her a blessed Easter Day, the meaning of which she never knew while living.

D. H. L.

DIED.—In Chambersburg, Pa., on the 28th inst., B. Rush Senseny, M. D., son of the late Dr. A. H. Senseny, in the 38th year of his age.



## Youth's Department.

## OUR WORDS.

BY VIRGINIA WYTHE.

Words fitly spoken, we cannot forget,  
Like apples of gold in silver they're set.  
They are kind words and true words so precious  
to all  
When on bruised broken hearts, gently healing  
they fall.  
Pleasant words, says the "Wise Man," as honey  
are sweet;  
They give health to the soul and strength to the  
feet,  
To tread the rough pathway of life here below,  
They comfort and cheer us as onward we go.  
But words harsh and false, how they poison the  
heart,  
Like the fang of a serpent, the point of a dart,  
They enter the soul with a keen bitter pain,  
And friendship and love, are, alas! rent in twain.  
And there are the idle words flung on the air,  
Like thistle-down scattered, some here and some  
there.  
But an angel recorder is writing them down,  
And one day his book to the Judge will be shown.  
Dear Lord, fill our hearts with Thy wisdom and  
love,  
All wrath and all bitterness from us remove,  
Then words we will speak which true human  
hearts hold,  
More precious than jewels of silver and gold.  
—Pres. Journal.

CORONATION OF PETER THE  
GREAT. (1682.)

On the evening of the 4th of July, 1682, there was a grand vesper service in all the churches, and especially in the Cathedral of the Assumption, where it was celebrated by the Patriarch Kir Joachim, attended by all the superior clergy. During the night a square platform, raised on twelve steps, was erected in the middle of the Cathedral, immediately under the dome, and covered with crimson cloth. From this platform to the chancel, the pavement was spread with red cloth, on which two strips of scarlet velvet were laid for the Tsars, and a strip of blue velvet for the Patriarch. On each side were raised seats for the clergy, covered with Persian carpets and cloth-of-gold. On the centre platform a double throne was erected. There had not been time to make entirely fresh regalia for the double coronation, and the silvered gilt throne of handsome workmanship made for the Tsar Alexis was divided by a bar in the middle, so that it could be used by the two boys. Behind a seat was placed, so that the monitor of Peter, through a hole in the back, could whisper to him the necessary responses. The crown, scepter, and globe, originally presents from Constantine Monomachus, Emperor of the East, the Grand Duke Vladimir of Kief, had been imitated in smaller size, and at less expense, for the use of Peter. The old historic ones, with which all the Tsars had been crowned, were reserved for Ivan. This was the last time they were ever used. The successors of Peter were Emperors, not Tsars; and the crown and pectoral cross of Monomachus, the visible symbols of the relations of the Muscovite Tsars to the Emperors of Constantinople, are now mere curiosities in the Imperial treasury at Moscow. On the left side of this throne was a third throne for the Patriarch, the spiritual Emperor. This, too, was used for the last time. The power of the clergy was to be diminished, and the rule of the Patriarch to be broken.

In the chancel were placed six reading-desks, two lower than the rest, covered with satin embroidered with jewels, on which were to be placed the crown and scepter and the pectoral cross of Monomachus, containing a relic of the true cross.

At the first dawn of day, on the 6th of July, the bells began to ring joyfully and there was a great procession of the clergy from all the churches. At 5 o'clock the two boy Tsars went to the Palace Chapel for Matins, and then in procession to the banqueting hall. Here, in honor of the day, they promoted to the rank of boyár Prince Andréi Havánsky, Michael Plestchéief, and Mattheu Miloslávsky. Lárion Miloslávsky and Zmécief were made okólnitchi, and Hítrovo and Pashéchnik of appointed privy-councillors. The Tsars wore long robes of cloth-of-gold covered with lace and fringes, broad sleeves and caps set with precious stones. Not only were

their robes cut from the same piece, but the candles they held were of the same length that there might be no inequality. Select boyárs were then sent to the treasury to fetch the cross, the crown, the scepters and the other regalia, which were brought in by priests, and then carried to the Cathedral of the Assumption, where they were received by the Patriarch and the superior clergy on gold d'shes, and placed on the lecterns prepared for them. On entering the banqueting hall the boyárs informed the Tsars that all was ready, and then a long procession—beginning with the inferior officials, rising to the highest boyárs, then to the Tsars, and gradually diminishing again to the petty officials and nobles—went slowly down the Red Staircase, from the banqueting hall to the Cathedral of the Assumption, over a path made on the pavement by crimson cloth, which was sprinkled by priests with holy water, through the dense masses of the populace which filled the whole square. At the entrance of the Cathedral, the Tsars were met by the Patriarch, who wished them long life and held them the cross to kiss. After kissing the great pictures on the altar-screen, especially the Virgin painted by St. Luke, the Tsars took their places on the platform. Standing here in this old Cathedral, crowded with their subjects, the gilded walls and pillars of which, lighted up by flickering candles, displayed the rude pictures of saints and martyrs; under the great central dome, from which looked down the gigantic image of our Saviour, with hands upraised in the act of blessing, the Tsars, after reciting the story of their accession to the throne, demanded of the Patriarch the rite of consecration and coronation. The Patriarch in reply, asked to what faith they belonged. They answered: "To the holy orthodox Russian faith," and set forth in a long speech, the good which they expected to do to their people. Then, after hymns and prayers, and swinging of censers, the Patriarch placed on their heads the crown of Monomachus, threw over their shoulders the coronation vestments, placed on their breasts the pectoral cross, gave the scepters and globes into their hands, and then, when all had again taken their seats, ascended the pulpit and preached a sermon upon the mutual duties of Tsar and people. Then followed the mass, during which the Tsars, in sign of their being priests as well as kings, went within the chancel behind the altar-screen, and administered to themselves the Eucharist with their own hands. When the service was over, the Tsars again kissed the true cross, the relics and the holy pictures, and with the nobles went in procession to the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, where they paid reverence to the tombs of their ancestors, the Tsars who are buried there, and especially to that of the Tsarévitch Dimitri, who had already been canonized, and of whose death recent events must have often made them think. From there they went to the Cathedral of the Annunciation, then to the banqueting-hall of the palace, where they received congratulations. Two days later occurred the great official banquet of the coronation.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

## BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS.

About 10 o'clock on Saturday evening, September 2, 1666, a fire broke out in a baker's shop, near to the spot on which the London fire monument now stands. In its commencement it was but a little fire, and every one who saw it said it would very soon be extinguished. Notwithstanding these favorable predictions, it continued to spread. Adjoining houses were soon enveloped in the devouring flame, and by noon of the next day, John Evelyn, who was a spectator of it, writes: "All the sky was of a fiery aspect like the top of a burning oven. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above 10,000 houses in one flame; the noise and crackling, and thunder of the impetuous flames—the shrieking of women and children—the hurry of people—the fall of towers, houses and churches—was like a hideous storm, and the air all

about so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it; so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles' length and one in breadth. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. Thus it continued its awful progress for another day or two, and then it was found to have destroyed eighty-nine churches, the city gates, Guildhall, several hospitals, schools and public libraries, a very great number of stately edifices, 13,200 dwelling-houses, and upwards of 400 streets." Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.

Holland, as is well known, is a country a considerable part of which is lower than the sea, which surrounds it, and which is kept up by large embankments, called dykes. Many years ago it was perceived that one part of the embankment was defective, for the water began to ooze through, although in small quantity. A meeting of the inhabitants of the immediate neighborhood was called to take into consideration the means of remedying the defect. The meeting adjourned without deciding upon anything, because it was considered a very little evil—nothing would hurt, they said, as the quantity of water that came through was so small, and some future time would do very well to devise means to remedy the evil. Not very many weeks after that meeting, one beautiful Sunday evening, when a more than usual calm rested upon everything—without any further warning whatever, the sea burst through the embankment, which had been gradually weakened by an apparently insignificant evil, destroyed many large towns, seventy villages, an immense number of cattle, and more than 100,000 inhabitants. A small beginning, but a terrible ending.

## "CAN'T" AND "TRY."

Can't do it sticks in the mud, but try soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox said, "Try," and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapped at him. The bees said, "Try," and turned flowers into honey. The squirrel said, "Try," and he went to the top of the beech-tree. The snow-drop said, "Try," and bloomed in the cold snows of winter. The sun said, "Try," and the spring soon threw Jack Frost out of the saddle. The young lark said, "Try," and he found that his new wings took him over hedges and ditches and up where his father was singing. The ox said, "Try," and ploughed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for Try to climb, no clay too stiff for Try to plough, no field too wet for Try to drain, no hole too big for Try to mend.—*The Occident.*

## SURNAME.

Did you ever notice how few surnames there are in the Bible? That is because they had not come into fashion then. Until the eleventh century after Christ, surnames were not used in England. Some of them originated in this wise: they had plain John, and Andrew, and James. By and by, to distinguish Andrew, the son of John, they said, Andrew, John's son, and then made the last two words one; so, in process of time, we have Andrew Johnson, John Anderson, and Andrew Jameson. Others are named from their occupations. There were Matthew (the) Baker, and Timothy (the) Barber; and Tom (the) Smith; and James (the) Butler; and John (the) Carpenter. By and by "the" was dropped.

## NEIGHBORLY KINDNESS.

A fire having broken out in a village of Denmark, one of the inhabitants, a poor man, was very active in affording assistance; but every endeavor to extinguish the flames was in vain. At length he was told that his own house was in danger, and that, if he wished to save his furniture, not a moment was to be lost. "There is something more precious," replied he, "that I must first save. My poor sick neighbor is not able to help himself: he will be lost if I do

not assist him: I am sure he relies upon me." He flew to his neighbor's house, rushed at the risk of his life, through the flames, and conveyed the sick man in his arms to a place of safety. A society at Copenhagen showed their approbation of his conduct by presenting him with a silver cup filled with Danish crowns.

## CHILDHOOD'S GOLD.

They need not go so far away,  
Through heat and cold, to hunt for gold;  
They might beside us sit or stray—  
Our hands are full as they can hold.

Gold? Gold is poured out of the sky  
From rise of sun till day is done;  
With falling leaves it flashes by;  
In liquid gold the rivers run.

'Twas scattered all the way from school,  
In stars and bells adown the dells:  
We children gathered aprons full,  
Where little Dandelion dwells.

And yellow Cowslip to our feet  
Came, like a king, his board to bring;  
And Columbine, with nod so sweet,  
Shook gold upon our path,—gay thing!

What goblet glistens with such wine  
As the bee sips from buttercups?  
What gold beads on the wet grass shine,  
Sparkling to breezy downs and ups?

Our homes are sweet upon the hills,  
Where love is sure, and life is pure,  
And sunshine every season fills:  
How can a country child be poor?

No robber scares our midnight hours;  
No coffers cold our treasures hold:  
Dewdrops and sunbeams, stars and flowers,  
Gold! Gold! Who shares our childhood's gold?  
—Lucy Larcom, in *St. Nicholas* for April.

## WOMEN IN AFGHANISTAN.

The dress of Afghan women, especially those whose husbands have rank or wealth, is extremely picturesque. A short tightly-fitting bodice of green blue or crimson silk confines the bust, but buttons so closely up to the throat that one can only guess at the proportions of shoulders and bosom. The bodice is generally embroidered with gold, and then becomes so stiff and unyielding that it is virtually a corset. In this cold weather the short arms of the sari are continued down to the wrist, and the vest itself is padded with wool for the sake of warmth. Trousers à la Turc, baggy and flowing as Fatima's, and tightly fastened at the ankles, a broad silk kummerbund of almost endless length, with the ends so disposed that they become skirts, dainty white socks, and a tiny slipper or shoe, gold embroidered—such is the indoor dress of a Cabulese lady, while covering and hiding all save feet and ankles is the voluminous white garment drawn over the head and face, and falling to the heels. These veiled beauties have jewelry scattered over their forehead, hands, wrists, arms, and ears; while handsome gold loops secure the yashmak at the back of the head; the hair being lightly drawn from the forehead, and tied tightly into a knot, Grecian fashion. The length of a silk kummerbund which circles a lady's waist is sometimes astonishing; one I saw must have been twelve yards long by eighteen inches broad, and the end was even then not forthcoming.

The slippers and shoes are of Cabulese make, and are very pretty. On a pale green background beautiful patterns are worked with gold and silver thread and parti-colored silk, until the effect is more like that of a fairy slipper than one for daily use. But a stout leather sole is put on, with high heels rudely bound with iron, and then the work of art is complete. The stalls in which their slippers and shoes are made are the gayest in the whole bazaar. A Cabulese lady's foot is small, almost to deformity, and the baggy trousers by contrast make them appear exceedingly petite. From the few faces seen and those chiefly of old or passed women, it is difficult to judge of the famed beauty Cabulese are said to boast of. The children are certainly, as a whole, the prettiest I have ever seen. Their complexions are red and white, with a tinge of olive pervading the skin, eyes black and lustrous, well shaped features, teeth to make a Western beauty envious, and bright, intelligent looks that sadly belie the race to which they belong. Their mothers must be beautiful, for their fathers are generally villanous-looking; the men losing all the pleasing traits which as

boys they possessed. The lady I have described as seen in the Zenana for a moment was certainly handsome and was far lighter in complexion than a Spaniard; her eyes were really worthy of the praises sung by Hafiz, but the sensuous lips were a little too full and pouting. It was just such a face as one imagines in a harem, and would be in keeping with the languorous life of a voluptuary to whom sensuality is a guiding star. Such faces always lack character, and would soon prove insipid in the eyes of the West. The Cabulese lady, when journeying, is either carried in an elaborate wickerwork cage covered with the inevitable flowing linen, or rides, Amazon fashion, on a pony behind her lord.—*Calcutta Pioneer.*

## BE TRUE.

Cultivate the habit of telling the truth in little things as well as in great ones. Pick your words wisely, and use only such as rightly mean what you wish to say. Never stretch a story or fact to make it seem bigger or funnier. Do this, and people will learn to trust you and respect you.

## Pleasantries.

Presidential dark horses are ranging over the prairies of Illinois in droves.

Fish worms are beginning to chin the surface of the earth and look around for boys with spades and an old oyster can.

Every thing is working like clockwork with the laboring classes. That is to say, the hands are busy getting up strikes.

Old "Speckle" rose from off her nest  
And cackled with much vigor,  
As if to say, "That egg's my best,  
No hen can lay a bigger."  
While Johnnie, standing near the gate,  
In mute contempt was gazing,  
As if he could not tolerate  
The fuss the hen was raising.  
His protest took her down a peg—  
He raised his voice to say it—  
"You fink you're smart—Dad made zat egg—  
You toodn't help but lay it!"

A Detroit boy paid his first visit to one of the union schools, the other day, as a scholar, and, as he came home at night, his mother inquired: "Well, Henry, how do you like going to school?" "Bully," he replied, in an excited voice. "I saw four boys licked, one girl get her ear pulled, and a big scholar burned his elbow on the stove. I don't want to miss a day."—*Utica Herald.*

In a little town near Providence the venerable pastor called on a pious family one evening and was invited to conduct family worship. The three-year-old pet of the family noticed, as the preacher was kneeling, that the sole of one of his shoes was partially off at one end. The baby, who had been in a blacksmith shop watching them shoe horses, quietly ran and got a hammer and began to bang on the parson's shoe-sole. The reverend brother kept on praying, but the rest of the family had to keep too much laugh in them to be much benefited thereby.

This is old, but good. At a political meeting the speaker and audience were very much disturbed by a man who constantly called for Mr. Henry. Whenever a new speaker came on this man bawled out: "Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry!" After several interruptions of this kind at each speech, a young man ascended the platform and was soon airing his eloquence in magnificent style, when the same man as before was heard bawling out at the top of his voice: "Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry to make a speech!" The chairman arose and remarked that it would oblige the audience if the gentleman would refrain from any farther calling for Mr. Henry, as that gentleman was now speaking. "Is that Mr. Henry?" said the disturber of the meeting. "That can't be Mr. Henry! Why, that's the little fellow that told me to holler!"



## Home.

Abroad.

The Moravian missionaries in the West Himalayas, India, have translated and printed the whole of the New Testament except the Gospel of Luke, the Acts, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the Apocalypse, and a harmony of the four Gospels. A hymn book with 106 hymns is in use, and a Lexicon in Tibetan and German has been compiled by Rev. Jaeschke, which has also been translated into English at the expense and request of the Indian Office at Calcutta. The mission has a printing office at Kyelang. Schools have been established in several towns in the district. Missionary tours have been made frequently to Zangkar, Ladak, Cashmere, Spiti, and into the Chinese Empire. The largest of the Moravian missions is in Surinam, S. A., where they have under their control over 25,000 converts, and in schools 3,000 children. In Paramaribo they have a High School, which has, since 1851, supplied native teachers. The smallest among the aborigines of Australia, with about 200 converts, in the Wimmera District, and in Gippsland. Among the aborigines of America, there are stations in Canada, Kansas, and among the Cherokees of Indian Territory.

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## General News.

## HOME.

The latest strike is among the coffin makers. The undertakers say they lose so much by the change of style in caskets, that they cannot pay the prices asked by the workmen. An old-fashioned burial-case in some places it is alleged, is as unsalable as an old bonnet, and these have to be shipped at a great sacrifice to rural districts where people are not so particular.

The highest salaries paid by any college are those to the professors at Columbia, who receive amounts varying from \$7,500 to \$8,375; Harvard pay: from \$4,000 to \$3,000; Yale and Princeton about \$3,500; University of California, \$3,600; Brown, from \$3,000 to \$2,500; Amherst, \$2,500; Williams, \$2,200; Cornell, from \$2,250 to \$1,000; Wesleyan, \$2,500. The salaries paid to Oxford professors vary from £900 to £400.—*Ex.*

## FOREIGN.

The accounts given by Dr. Hepworth commission of the *Herald* fund, show that the sufferings in Ireland are still appalling.

The victory of the Liberals in the election for the new Parliament of Great Britain is completed. Mr. Gladstone has a majority in dependent of the Home Rulers, and can control things whoever may be summoned by the Queen to form a Cabinet.

Prince Bismark has again offered his resignation—this time keeping his intentions so much to himself, that his own family knew nothing about it until it had been presented to the Emperor, who promptly refused to accept it. It is said that Bismark, like the late M. Thiers, usually offers to resign when he wishes to gain a point upon which he is antagonized.

Paris April 11.—Catholic journals publish letters from Bishops protesting against the decrees. The *France* says the Government contemplates measures to prevent further manifestations on the part of the Bishops, and that the Minister of Public Worship will probably address a letter to all French prelates, reminding them of the provisions of the Concordat, and declaring the firm resolve of the Government to cause the laws to be respected.

## Acknowledgments.

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Zehring, Rev J D, Zieber, Rev Dr W K, (2), Zimmerman, A.

## THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, April 10th, 1880.

[The prices here given are wholesale.]

Flour, Wheat, Superfine.....	\$ 3.75 @ 4.25
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Rye.....	4.75 @ 4.87
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GRAIN, Wheat, White.....	1.44 @ 1.45
" Red.....	1.30 @ 1.30
Rye.....	83 @ 84
Corn, Yellow.....	53 @ 54
" White.....	52 @ 53
Oats.....	43 @ 45
Barley two rowed.....	63 @ 73
Barley Malt, two rowed.....	80 @ 90
GROCERIES, Sugar, Cuba.....	71 @ 72
" Refined cut loaf.....	94 @ 100
" " crushed.....	91 @ 100
" " powdered.....	91 @ 94
" " granulated.....	91 @ 100
" A.....	94 @ 92
Coffee, Rio, gold.....	131 @ 154
" Maracaibo, gold.....	161 @ 18
" Laguayra, gold.....	144 @ 15
" Java, gold.....	23 @ 24

PROVISIONS, Mess Pork.....	11.50 @ 12.50
Dried Beef.....	12 @ 13
Sugar cured Hams.....	94 @ 104
Lard.....	74 @ 8
Butter, Roll extra.....	23 @ 24
" Roll Common.....	14 @ 15
" Prints, extra.....	36 @ 35
" " Common.....	20 @ 25
" Green.....	6 @ 7
Eggs.....	121 @ 13
SEEDS, Clover, per 100lbs.....	7.00 @ 7.14
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ART NEEDLE WORK.—This stock abounds in all the Novelties of Fancy Needle Work, not only in Crewel Work, but in Zephyrs and Fancy Embroidery Materials of every kind, together with designs of every character. Our Customers are always sure of something new at the now famous "Round Counter."

## THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

BLACK AND MOURNING GOODS.—Lupin's and all other best makes of Cashmeres, Casimere, Tulle, Tamise Silk and Wool Henrietta Cloth, Grenadine, &c. In these goods we seek to be worthy of such confidence as is sometimes necessary when purchases must be made in haste.

## THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

CORSETS.—Every change in fashions is closely watched and followed, and every style and shape is kept on hand, so that every figure can be fitted, either short-waisted or "long-waisted," slim or stout. The same make of Corsets cannot be adapted to every figure, notwithstanding the new inventions that are upon the market claiming to fit any and everybody. As a necessity we are obliged to make our own, and the lady who orders in charge of the department makes it a study to select the proper thing for our customers.

## THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

COSTUMES.—A thoroughly up-to-date fashion department, replete with Silk, Cashmere, Fancy and Plain Suits for Dress, Dinner Parties, Street Wear, Promenade, Evening, Wedding or Funeral Occasions. First class "Molton" ready at a moment's notice to fit any and everybody. As a necessity we are obliged to make our own, and the lady who orders in charge of the department makes it a study to select the proper thing for our customers.

## THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

CLOTHING.—We have Four Distinct Departments for Clothing: No. 1.—Gentlemen's Ready-Made. 2.—Gentlemen's Custom Department. 3.—Boys' and Children's Ready-Made. 4.—Misses' Coats and Dresses. We keep in each Department such an assortment as will do credit to the house.

## THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

DRESS GOODS FOR LADIES.—Those who have never looked over the 11 long counters devoted to Dress Fabrics will have no idea of the extent and variety we keep ready. No trouble will be spared to bring together in this section every desirable material made in any part of the world.

## THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

EMBROIDERIES, RUCHINGS, COLLARS, CUFFS, HAMBURG EDGINGS.—All that go under the head of "White Goods"—are gathered in beautiful array in this extensive section that carries a stock as large and complete as in any Store solely devoted to this business.

## THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

FLANNELS, MUSLINS, LININGS.—All the popular makes of each kind of Goods always on hand.

## THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

FRINGES, TRIMMINGS, NOTIONS, BUTTONS.—These sections have grown in favor lately, because the stock is so much more complete. We aim to have everything that Ladies need in trimming dresses or for general sewing.

## THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

GLASS AND CHINA WARE.—The extent of this Department amazes everybody. Up from the finest Decorated Dinner Sets down to the lowest ranges of Crockery Ware we have a full stock.

## THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

GLOVES.—Kid Gloves of exquisite quality and finish. "Jugla," "Alexandra," "Courty's" and "Foster's," and a marvelous assortment of Fabric Gloves.

## THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

HOSIERY AND SILK AND MERINO UNDERWEAR.—This is one of the largest departments of the store, and it is now admitted that we have succeeded in ordering (by means of our foreign connections) the finest stock of Ladies' Gents' and Children's Hosiery that is presented in any house in this country. We import direct the Carwright & Wagners, Breille's, Morley's and such things; but as no good stock would be complete without these goods we do not consider it worth while to specially advertise them.

## THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.—Two Sections. 1.—Linen Goods, Sheetings, Table Furnishings. 2.—All kinds of Kitchen Goods. These stocks are now more complete than ever they were.

## THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

HATS AND CAPS for Gents, Boys and Children in extensive assortment and of qualities unsurpassed anywhere.

## THE NEW STOCK OF 1880.

INFANTS' OUTFITS, Misses' Clothing, Baby Coaches and everything needed for little people's wardrobes.

## A VISIT OF INSPECTION IS REQUESTED.

JOHN WANAMAKER,  
GRAND DEPOT  
GRAND DEPOT  
13th STREET.  
13th STREET.